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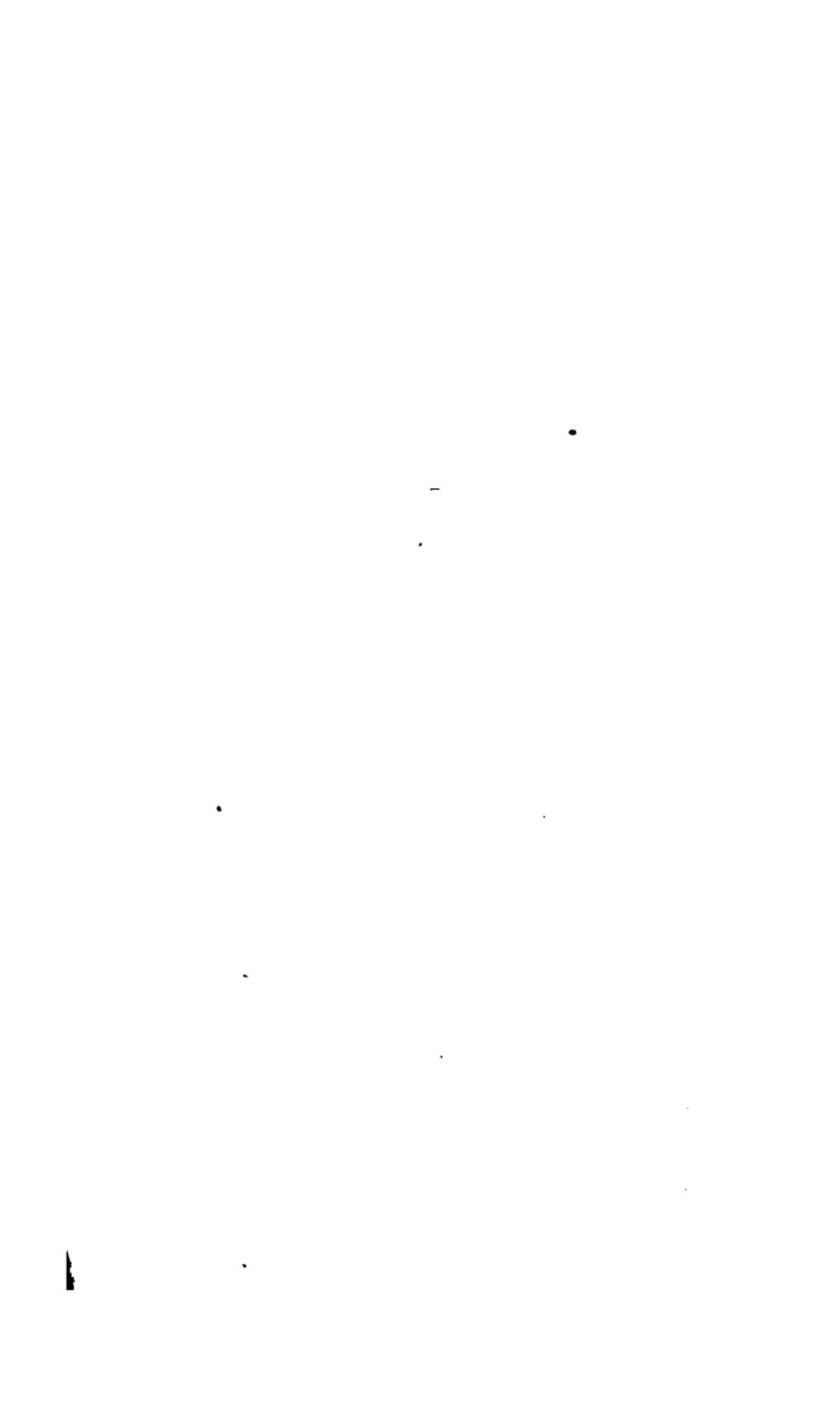
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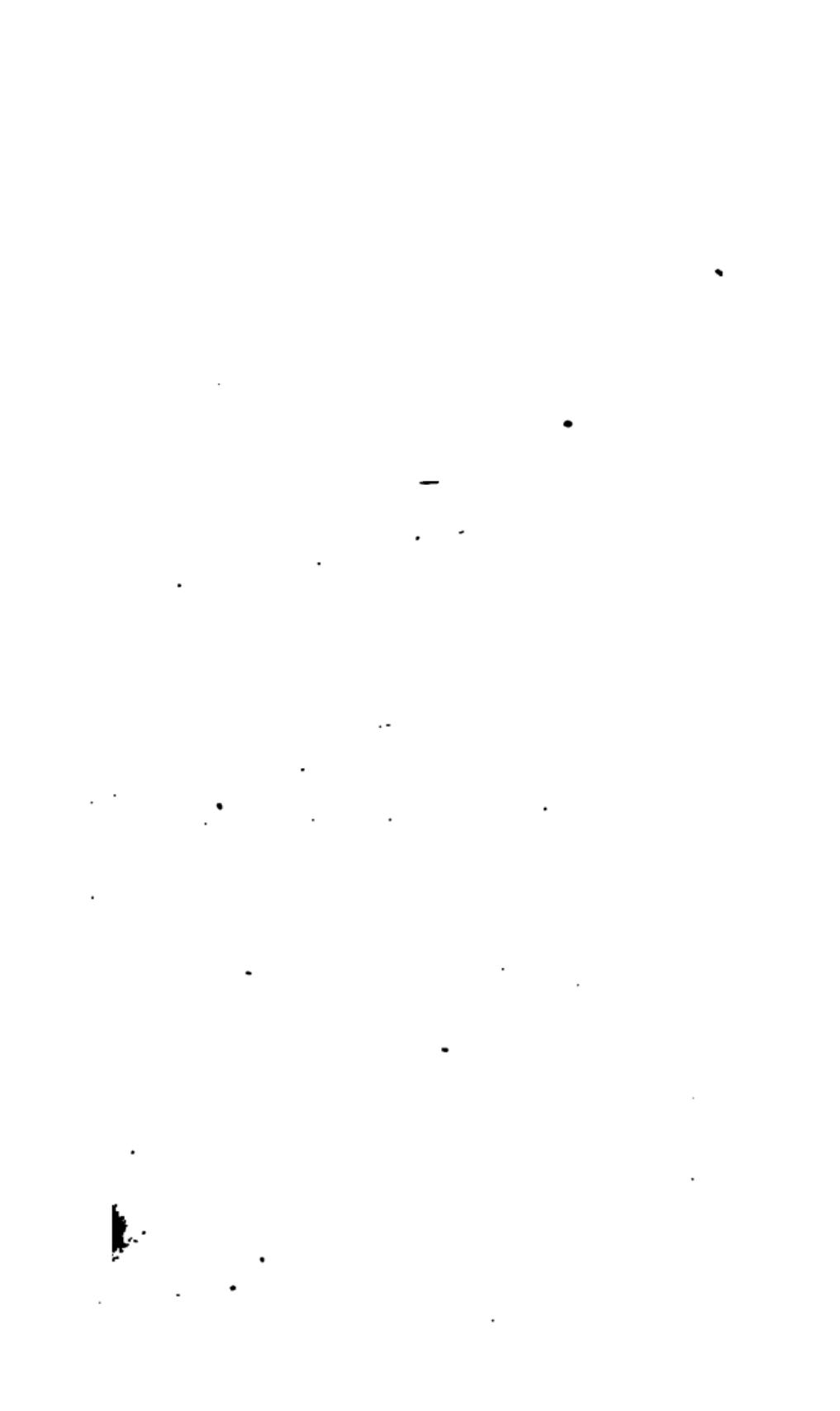
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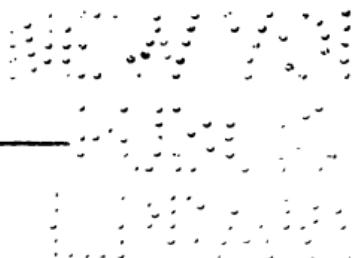
PEARL;

OR,

AFFECTION'S GIFT. *from*
Joshua H. Hall, to
His May E. Hall—1838.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

PRESENT.



PHILADELPHIA:

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Dedication.

IN this small volume we may find
An emblem of the youthful mind.
First, then, these leaves so pure and white,
And made by steady pressure bright,
Resemble those, whose pliant age .
Receives instruction's ample page:
And should the language that is trac'd
Upon these leaves by truth be grac'd—
Should it pour forth an ardent love
For all that virtue can approve ;
A closer likeness still we'd find,
Of an ingenuous, well-taught mind.
The pencil, too, to aid the line,
Comes to display each fair design ;
And these accomplishments we call,
Which aid, adorn, and finish all.
Further—the leaves compact are bound,
Yet opening freely, still are found ;
So the young mind, from vain display
Turning with dignity away,
When gently op'd, unfolds with ease—
Modest reserve its binding is.
With favour then your likeness view,
Ye Youth, for it is given to you.



P R E F A C E.

IN presenting to the public the third volume of the Pearl, the publisher cannot neglect the opportunity of expressing his gratitude for the very flattering manner in which the previous editions have been received. He hopes, and, as he has spared neither care nor expense in procuring the aid of talented writers and artists, he confidently believes, that his offering for the present year, will be found in no respect less deserving of patronage than those which have preceded it.

To those writers who have hitherto furnished contributions, the publisher returns his grateful acknowledgments, trusting that they will continue to remember him; and he would cordially welcome productions of other contributors which *may be suited to the character of the work.*

Articles intended for this annual, should have, as their chief object, the intellectual and moral improvement of the young.

Pieces of a light character, or a too elaborate style of composition, must of course be excluded.

A copy of the book, handsomely bound, will be presented to those contributors who may decline to receive any pecuniary acknowledgment.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



“I have a fish,” said the woman, “but I have not a boat to bring it to land.”

“I have a boat,” said the man, “but I have not a fish to eat.”

“I have a fish,” said the woman, “but I have not a boat to bring it to land.”

CHILD LEFT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

ADAPTED TO A PICTURE OF SULLY.

Why dost thou sport amid those swelling waves,
Child of the frolic brow ? The billows rush
Foaming and vexing with a maniac's wrath,
To do unuttered deeds, and the wild clouds
Muster and frown, as if bold midnight rear'd
Her throne at noon-day. Hear'st thou not the winds
Uttering their ruffian threats ? Is this a time
To leave that snowy foot ? Away ! away !

—What !—have all fled ?—and art thou left alone ?—
By those who wandered with thee on the beach,
In the fair sun-light of a summer's morn,
Forgotten thus ! Had'st thou a mother, sweet ?
Oh, no—no—no ! *She* had not turn'd away,
Though the strong tempest rose to tenfold wrath,—
She had not fled without thee,—had not breath'd
In safety or at ease, save when she heard
Thy murmur'd tone beside her,—had not slept
Until thy drench'd and drooping curls were dried
In her fond bosom. *Nature never made*
A mother to forget. Why she had dared
Yon fiercest surge to save thee, or had plung'd
Clasping thee close and closer, down,—down,—down,—



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Yon fiercest surge to save thee, or had plung'd
Clasping thoe close and closer, down,—down,—down,—

Where thou art going. Lo! the breakers rush
Bellowing, to demand thee. Shrink not, child!
Innocence need not fear. Sweet shalt thou sleep
'Mid ocean's sunless flowers. The lullaby
Of the mermaiden shall thy requiem be,
And the white coral thou didst love to mix
Among thy pencil'd shells shall lightly rear
A canopy above thee. Amber drops
Shall gem thy clustering tresses, and thy ear
No more the echoes of the wavering main
Appall'd shall hear. Thy God shall guard thy rest

L. I

Hartford.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS OF EDUCATION."

My young readers will perhaps remember the name of Marcus Roscoe, in the story of "The Percevals," though he was a rude boy, and not calculated to excite much interest. He may appear to more advantage at the sequel of the present story; and in the beginning, I must observe, that he had been for many years without a mother's softening influence; and his father, whose property was divided into sections over the state of Maryland, could not properly be said to have a home for his children any where. He therefore usually placed them at school; but here the passions of Marcus, naturally unruly, were rather strengthened than subdued, and the least knowledge he gained, was that of self-control, however small might be the amount of all the rest. But Marcus had strong affections, and those, with the exception of what he bestowed on a very indulgent father, were all centred in a *little sister*, who had been, like himself, for ever

shifting the theatre of her education from place to place. Soon after the vacation, which brought home Alfred and Charles, but not Marcus Roscoe, his father called at Mr. Perceval's, to make some enquiry respecting him. Alfred, who had been only a short time at school with him, would not pass judgment on his character. "His manners are very rude and unpleasant, I have heard," said Mr. Roscoe. "Did you find them so, Alfred? I would rather have your opinion of Marcus than that of all the other boys in school." "He was thought rather rough there, sir," answered Alfred, (blushing deeply at Mr. Roscoe's implied compliment to himself,) "but I do not think any body makes allowance enough for Marcus. He is very good natured sometimes, and he has no dear mother as we have to teach him what is polite always." "That is true, Alfred, and a great misfortune to him and me. Emily, too, wants a mother sadly. Take your fingers out of your mouth, my dear little daughter, and let me see if you cannot stand up straight like the Miss Percevals." Mr. Roscoe here endeavoured to incline her form toward the perpendicular, as it rested against his knee; but as she resisted, it declined more and more, till at length, to prevent her falling back, he was obliged to take her on *his lap; and this action* fortunately arrested a

flood of tears, that, by her glowing cheeks and flashing eyes, appeared just springing from foolish shame, and a petted temper. Distressed and mortified, Mr. Roscoe was obliged at last to take her away, without making the pleasing impression on his friends that he could have wished; and as he mournfully led the child back to his lodgings, he reflected on what Alfred Perceval had said: still he thought he was not doing justice to the memory of his devoted wife, to leave her children for ever, without a mother's careful direction, since he himself could not devote that attention to them which they required. After much consideration, therefore, he determined to risk a refusal, against the chance of being accepted, by a lady he had long considered as one of the brightest ornaments of her sex—talents, virtue, and piety, diffusing beauty over a figure, of which time might otherwise have improved the grace. When Mr. Roscoe addressed this lady, it is to be supposed that he did not dwell entirely on the advantage his children would derive from her education of them, though it certainly appeared to be the feature that struck her most forcibly in the proposal; for she answered at once, “I am afraid, Mr. Roscoe, that my influence would be too feeble a restraint on the self-will of fourteen; *I am naturally timid of contention, and discord*

would be terrible to me, and the more so now, perhaps, because, I think, I can truly say, during all the trials of my life, that I never created an enemy, or alienated a friend." "Then, madam, you have yourself urged the most forcible reason in favour of my suit," and Mr. Roscoe continued to plead for his children, and himself; till the doubts of the lady were overruled, and she at length became the mistress of a handsome house, the wife of an accomplished gentleman, and the mother of two unruly children, by way of counterbalance to those advantages. Marcus Roscoe possessed many prejudices, and the most prominent, perhaps, were those he had imbibed against ladies he called old maids and step-mothers. To find both those characters united, then, in the mistress of his father's house, was a very mortifying trial indeed; and when he was recalled home, therefore, he determined to make it as uncomfortable as possible to the lady; for his prejudices were not the less obstinate, because they were unsupported by reason, or unwarranted by experience—he had known few old maids in his young life, and still fewer step-mothers. Mr. Roscoe met his son as soon as he arrived in Baltimore, and when they reached home, introduced him into a room elegantly furnished, where a lady, seated at a centre table, was very

neatly working a child's dress. She arose with a smile as her husband entered, but when she gave her hand to his fearful charge, she turned a little pale, and the tears stood for a moment in her eyes. It was impossible for Marcus, prejudiced as he was, to observe the sensibility expressed in Mrs. Roscoe's face, without some emotion ; and in spite of himself, his own countenance softened, while he involuntarily put up his hands to smooth down his fierce locks, every hair of which stood out from his head, in the attitude of determination. "But where is Emily, papa ? I want to see her too." "She is just returned from walking, Mr. Roscoe," said the lady to her husband, "but Jane is taking off her cloak and bonnet—she will be here directly." When Emily came, her brother received her with open arms. "Oh, how you are grown, Emily, and I like to see you dressed so ; how I do hate them flowered gowns, and trolleying sashes you used to wear—and who made your hair look so pretty and smooth, without them tumble down combs, at the top of your head, that looked so horrid ?" "Mamma took away my new silk frock, and my pretty tortoise comb, for she did not like them either; but I thought they were beautiful, and I would have cried when they went away, only she gave me a pretty new doll for them. But I want them now." "Then

you shall have them, Emily—you shall have every thing that you want.” “Is your power then so unlimited, Marcus?” asked his father, overlooking the impropriety of the speech in the affection it implied. “Oh, I do not mean every thing, papa; I only mean what money can buy.” And then, to please the little girl according to her own taste, he enumerated all the trinkets he had ever heard named as female ornaments. Mrs. Roscoe, who possessed a keen sense of the ridiculous, fancied the child dressed out in all this finery; and not repressing her laughter, she said, “Why, Emily, your brother intends to make a perfect little Indian queen of you.” But his promises, absurd as they were, made a great impression on a little girl, who had scarcely commenced loving a person that restrained her uneasy wishes; and while Marcus was at home, the affectionate solicitude of Mrs. Roscoe was despised, and all her indulgence rejected, because it was rendered subservient to Emily’s real good. Mr. Roscoe, confident that he had provided the best means for counteracting his children’s injurious propensities, was contented to leave them in possession of the results; and after giving up Emily entirely to her mother’s guidance, and seeking out the best school for Marcus, he became again an absentee from Baltimore, for the purpose

of disposing of part of his most distant property. In Mr. Roscoe's absence, Marcus assumed still greater importance; though he was mortified to believe, that the highly gifted woman, his father had desired him to respect as a mother, was little disposed to admit his high pretensions, and still less to love him. Yet her conduct was kind and patient to him, and tender as maternal love to his little sister, who repaid her affectionate care with occasional fits of fondness, with which, making allowance for childish caprice, Mrs. Roscoe appeared satisfied. Soon after Mr. Roscoe left town, Mr. Maelzel came to Baltimore, with his extraordinary automatons, and advertised the conflagration of Moscow. Emily, who had seen the rope dancers before, and held the little dolls in her hand, was now all anxiety to see Moscow burning, and asked Marcus to take her that evening. "Yes, I will so—I want to see it myself." "Do you go then, Marcus, but you must not take Emily out this cold night, when she has been so unwell all day." "That is the very reason she ought to go, ma'am; it will amuse her. They can wrap her up so, that she'll never catch cold. Don't you want to go, Emily?" "To be sure I want to go." "But, my dear, you said that you were too unwell to-day to learn *your lessons*; and I saw that you were too ill to

eat your dinner." "But I am quite well mamma." "Still, Emily, it would never do for you to go out this bitter night. You can see an exhibition another time." "No, mamma, for it will be going away. They say 'only for nights,' and may be Marcus won't be here till I want to go to-night—Marcus, won't you take me?" "Yes, to be sure; I said so." "But you ought not to have said so, Marcus, when it would be dangerous for your sister to go. You must be satisfied to stay at home to night, Emily. You may be, Maria Perceval will come and play with you, if I send for her." "I don't want Maria Perceval, nor Harriet either; I just want to go and see Moscow burned down. Marcus, take care that I did not get sick." "If he does so, my dear, you should undoubtedly go; as that depends upon a higher power, I will trust you to his keeping." Finding that these words had no effect, the little girl had recourse to tears, which would certainly have been unavailing also, had her brother been of a persevering character. The tears render a person's determination invincible; and his temper, a person irritated by the worst side of an argument, is apt to exhibit its darkest shades. "Emily, what use of crying? you shall go." "Marcus, 'Yes, she shall; what right have you to tell me what I shall do?'"

shall not?" "The right that your father gave me, Marcus, when he induced me, against my inclination, to undertake the painful task of teaching his 'children in the way they should go.' You, Marcus, I am afraid are beyond my training; but let Emily, at least, mind what I say." "Emily shall not do a thing that she does not choose; and she shall go to Maelzel's if she likes. It is not cold a bit—she always used to do whatever she pleased, and so she shall now; she shall so, in spite of all the step-mothers in the world." And without waiting to put the firmness of the lady to another trial, while she stood aghast at the daring temper of the insolent boy, he carried his sister off in triumph to the conflagration of Moscow. But from the piercing cold without, to the heated crowd within, there was with Emily but the transition from ague to fever. The first part of the exhibition went off, however, without her brother experiencing any more painful sensation than the certain knowledge of acting wrongly; for though Emily appeared dull with the chess player, she laughed heartily at the little musician with the violin. She started, to be sure, at the first note of the trumpeter's horn, but then she seemed quite amused at the sight of the rope-dancers. But when, after waiting a *great while*, the little puppets passed round to

her, she could scarcely hold them in her trembling hands; and when they were made to say papa and mamma, she began to cry bitterly. "What's the matter with your sister, Marcus?" said Alfred Perceval, who came over from an opposite bench to speak to him, while Mr. Maelzel was preparing behind the scenes for the last act. "Indeed I don't know. What's the matter with you, Emily? what makes you cry?" "Oh! I was thinking of papa and mamma, when the dolls said so; for I'm very sick—and when I go home, I'll not sit up I'm sure—I'll just go to bed and die for being so bad; and then I dare say mamma will cry about me more than ever she did when she first came home and saw me." Emily said this in such a low and languid tone, that no one heard her except her brother and Alfred. "And was she never cross to you since?" asked Marcus, in a low tone also. "No, she never was; though I'm so bad sometimes, that when I say my prayers, I'm obliged to ask the Almighty to forgive me." Marcus felt deeply struck at his sister's words, especially as he now observed her changing colour, and felt her burning hands. "I believe I was very wrong to bring Emily here, when—" He hesitated between "Mrs. Roscoe," and "my mother,") "when she was told not to come." "Did Mrs. Roscoe advise Emily to stay at home?"

asked Alfred. "Yes; and I wish now I had let her." "Indeed, I wish you had, Marcus, for she looks very sick. But if you want to see the conflagration so much, I will take her home for you, and tell Mrs. Roscoe, that you are sorry you brought her. I can come again to-morrow night, when Charles brings the children." "Thank you, Alfred—but I think it would be better for me to take her home myself, and say that I am sorry." "That would be the right way, indeed, Marcus: and if you only knew how every body esteems Mrs. Roscoe, you would never like to offend her so much again; papa and mamma say she is the finest woman in Baltimore—for she does good in every way." "Indeed I am sure she is a very fine woman," cried Marcus—his pride perhaps for the first time yielding a little to his father's choice—"and I dare say that I have behaved like a fool. Emily, do you want to go home, darling?" "Yes, I do so." "And you don't want to see the conflagration?" "No, I do not." "Well, come then, we will go,"—and saying this, he took his sister by the hand and led her out; but when they reached the door she was unable to walk farther, and he was obliged to take her in his arms and carry her home. When Marcus entered the *parlour with the child*, he found Mrs. Roscoe

anxiously waiting their return. He laid Emily on the sofa by her side, and was just beginning his preconceived apology, with a broken spirit and penitent heart, when the trace of deep distress in his mother's countenance, arrested the words before they could part from his lips. He tried again and again to utter them, but in vain; and at last totally overcome with the unavailing effort, he sunk down on a chair before her; while—not being able to restrain his tears—he covered his face with his hands, and could only express in broken words, his sentiments of grief and fear. "Oh, Emily, my poor little sister—I have killed her indeed—and what will become of me—my father—what will he say? Nobody can ever forgive me, I am sure." "My poor boy," said Mrs. Roscoe,—whose resentments never out-lived the first breath of atonement, when there was far less sorrow,—"my poor dear boy," she repeated, laying her hand gently on his head, "if your sister were to die indeed, you would be severely punished, if no one else remembered your offence beside yourself. But you must not be so much alarmed, Marcus; come, I will give you something to do: Caleb, you know, is rather like a *creep-mouse*—you had better go for Dr. Woodville." There was something so cheering in the tone of *Mrs. Roscoe's* voice, as she said this, that Marcus

raised his head; and when he met her tender smile, the horror of his fear departed. Suddenly enlivened with hope, he arose, and throwing his arms round his mother's neck, exclaimed—"then, mamma, if Emily does not die, you will certainly forgive me?" With these words, he kissed her cheek and ran out of the room; but it scarcely appeared that he had left the house, when he returned with Dr. Woodville, who had Emily immediately bathed in warm water and put to bed. He then ordered what medicine he considered proper; and as soon as she was quiet and appeared disposed to sleep, he left her till the morning. Mrs. Roscoe then made arrangements for attending Emily during the night. Marcus, who had been anxiously watching at his sister's door, till the physician left her chamber, now asked permission to enter. He observed his mother's movements in silence, till she was seated at a small table, upon which were placed a bible, a book of prayer, and a small volume of beautiful hymns: she opened this, and at once her eye fell on the following verses in the hymn for the sick:—

"When dangers, woes, and death are nigh,
Past mercies teach us where to fly;
Thine arm, Almighty God, can save,
When sickness grieves or pains invade

All medicines act by thy decree—
Receive commission all from thee;
And not a plant that spreads the plains,
But teems with health when Heaven ordains."

Mrs. Roscoe finished reading the hymn; but then closing the book, she leaned over the table, sighing heavily and frequently. Marcus became again alarmed. "Does Dr. Woodville think Emily dangerously ill now, mamma?" and he put his hand tenderly on hers, as it supported her head. She looked up, and trying to hide her tears, said, "I hope not, Marcus; but he says he will know better to-morrow; and I will not leave her a moment to-night." "But you will not sit up till morning by yourself, mamma?" "Not by myself, Marcus—there is a Being, I trust, to watch with me, who never deserts the sick or dying." "Yes, ma'am, but I think you will feel lonesome for all, without a human being near you; shall I stay with you, mamma?—I know I could keep awake; for if I go to bed I will never sleep, thinking of poor little Emily." "Then, my dear, if you lie awake in those hours of the night you ought to sleep, pray earnestly to the Almighty, that it may be the last time your own folly keeps you watching: and I would rather you went to bed, Marcus. I think Emily will be better in the morning—but

you might become sick if you remained with me, as you are not accustomed to nursing. Good night, then, my son." Marcus felt the endearing epithet sink into his heart, as he rose to obey his mother's wishes. "But you will be cold in the night, mamma," said he, "let me first tell them to bring up a heap of wood for the fire, and get you my warm plaid cloak to wear." "Thank you, Marcus," said Mrs. Roscoe, smiling affectionately, "I believe you and I will be very good friends after all. But I have a comfortable flannel wrapper, which will be lighter than your cloak; however, you may order up some wood—and I will have a little stronger coffee made; that will prevent any inclination to sleep." In the morning Emily was something better; but it was a long time before she was nearly well; and while Marcus saw his mother withering and wasting with her ceaseless watchfulness and anxiety, his manner toward her grew constantly more soft and mild, till at length the rough materials were polished by female influence, and promised in time to become a gem of great price. While Emily was confined to her room, Marcus spent many of the hours he was not in school, with her; and when he learned his lessons there, he was greatly assisted by the extensive information of Mrs. Roscoe, who soon made the pursuits of science

and literature delightful to him, by her exquisite manner of conveying information. When Mr. Roscoe returned after two months' absence, he found his family altered considerably. Emily was not so pretty, and much ~~more~~ delicate than she was before; Mrs. Roscoe was ~~quite~~ a shadow, and Marcus was almost a gentleman. Mrs. Roscoe acquainted her husband with every material circumstance that had occurred during his absence, except the improper conduct of Marcus, which had led to Emily's illness; but she dwelt with particular satisfaction on his respectful consideration ever since. Mr. Roscoe was so pleased with this account of his son, that with injudicious approval, he took out his purse and gave Marcus twenty dollars, as a reward for his good conduct. However, it did not do Marcus so much injury as might be expected from so sudden a temptation. He went over to his mother when Mr. Roscoe gave him the money, and taking hold of the ends of a very plain handkerchief which she wore—“Mamma,” said he, “this is a very ugly handkerchief, I think.” “Well, my son, you know that I have others, which are handsomer.” “Yes, but none that are so very beautiful.” “They are all pretty enough for an old lady like me, Marcus,” said Mrs. Roscoe, good humouredly smiling. “You *must* not call yourself an old lady, mamma, when

every body says you are so handsome." "I am sorry they say any thing so foolish, my dear: but you must not say so, at all events, Marcus. We must not have you polished into a flatterer: take care, now, that you do not spend your money foolishly." But Marcus once more disobeyed. He had seen an advertisement of "Superb Lace Capes," such as had never before appeared in the Baltimore market. Marcus went to the place, and selected one with great taste, from a number which were really elegant; and when it was folded up, he carried it home at the expense of eighteen dollars. As soon as he entered the drawing-room where his mother sat, he stole softly behind her chair, and, unfolding the handkerchief, threw it over her shoulders; only with the slight mistake of placing the hind part before. Mr. Roscoe was charmed with the generous and grateful spirit of his son. But Mrs. Roscoe, while she pressed his hands, as they were fixing the cape around her neck, chided him a little for wasting a large sum on any one article of dress, "when it could be turned to so many useful purposes." "You mean charity, mamma; but all the good I ever hope to do in my life, I began first to learn from you. I do not think eighteen dollars is very much to pay for it: do you think it is, papa?" "No, my son; and for all my happiness in you, through this

circumstance, what ought I to pay your de-
mother?" "Papa," said Emily, "did Marc
buy that elegant cape for mamma to-day?" "Y
my dear." "I wish I had something to buy for h
too; I ought, I think, for I love her better th
Marcus does; I loved her the first moment y
told me." "Then come with me, Emily," sa
her father, "and we shall all have a monito
Mr. Roscoe then led Emily to his room, a
putting into her hand an exquisite time-pie
made by L'Epine of Paris, and hung to a ri
gold chain, he told her to carry it to her moth
Emily did so, and hung it round her neck, ov
the lace cape. Her father then taking his ch
dren's hands and uniting them with Mrs. Roscoe
said earnestly, while the expression of grate
feeling exhibited in his countenance, heighten
the effect of his words—"Now, my dearest Ma
will be reminded, every hour, of that gratitu
which we have expressed to-day—and may
never forget it: so shall one virtue be the pare
of many, and every moment of time be improv
for eternity."

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THE CAT - W. H. FOX.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER KITTEN.

INDEED ye are a happy pair,
Thyself and darling treasure—
With little heads unvexed by care,
And hearts brim full of pleasure.

Which spirit knows the least of grief.
"Tis very hard to say,—
The kitten jumping at a leaf,
Or she who joins the play.

Ye both are frisking, giddy things—
A play-ground earth before ye,
Where hours pass by with silken wings,
And fling no shadows o'er ye.

I wish it thus might always be,
My guileless little one:—
It makes me sad to look on thee,
And think what change may come.

Then freely pour thy young heart out.
And take thy fill of joy—
I love to hear thy merry shout,
And see thy blest employ.

FREDERICK ORMSBY.

MR. ORMSBY, a gentleman residing in the city of New York, took his family to West Point, to spend a week of unusually warm weather at the close of spring, and to see his nephew Gustavus, who had been a cadet at the Military Academy for near three years, and who was a boy of a very different disposition from Frederick Ormsby, being spirited, manly, and of a most amiable temper. Frederick, whose age was almost thirteen, was not entirely devoid of good qualities; but he was idle, rude, mischievous, and took the greatest delight in frightening and tormenting every one about him, particularly his sister Madeline.

Gustavus, having obtained permission to visit his uncle and aunt at the hotel, devoted all his leisure time to them; and being one of the cadets that act as assistant professors, and are therefore exempt from military duty, it was in his power *to accompany them on all their walks, and to*

show them every thing on West Point worthy the attention of visitors. These walks would have been delightful, had not Frederick caused much annoyance by his vexatious tricks, and (to use his own expression) by planning frights for his mother and sister. Reproof affected him only for a few minutes, and even during their short voyage in the steam-boat from New York, his father more than once regretted that Frederick had not been left at home.

Their first walk was to Washington's Valley, so called from having been the head-quarters of the illustrious commander-in-chief. On their way thither, they visited the German Flats, once the encamping place of a great number of Hessian deserters, who came over to the American army while it lay at West Point. These fields, formerly a desert of stones and weeds, are now in high cultivation; and at their farthest extremity, where the wooded heights run out into the river, is the cemetery, shaded with old cedars, and ornamented with an elegant monument of white marble, round which are buried the few cadets that die here.

The walk from the German Flats to Washington's Valley, is delightfully cool and shady, being cut through the forest. The trees meet across the road, while their tangled roots project in the *most fantastic forms* from the banks on each side,

and between their branches are seen at intervals the waters of the Hudson glittering far below.

The house, for ever memorable as the temporary residence of Washington, is a mere cottage; but under its low roof heroes once met, and plans were discussed, whose results we are now enjoying. It is surrounded by locust-trees, at this season resplendent with their conic clusters of beautiful white blossoms; and a clear brook murmurs through the garden, seeking its way to the river, whose waves roll gently in, washing the smooth grey sand that lies in front of the valley. Immediately behind this classic spot, ascends the mountain called the Crow's Nest, the longest and highest of the chain, that, extending along both shores of the Hudson, appears to inclose it on every side, giving it, at West Point, the form of a lake from which there seems to be no outlet. On the opposite, or northern shore, rise the wild and barren mountains of Fish-kill, far beyond which lie the fertile plains of Connecticut. Looking up the river, the view is terminated by the town of Newburgh, at ten miles distance, with Polipel's Island in front, and a fine range of country behind; the Chemungo mountains (a branch of the Catskills) closing the long perspective, their vast blue forms faintly visible on *the remotest verge of the horizon.*

Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby, with Gustavus and Madeline, took their seats on one of the numerous fragments of rock that are scattered over the sands at Washington's Valley; and while they were admiring the prospect, Gustavus (who was skilled in revolutionary lore) reminded his uncle and aunt, as they cast their eyes down the river, and looked towards the plain, of the ball given there by the American officers to their French companions in arms, in honour of the birth of the Dauphin. For this purpose, there was erected on the green an arbour of immense length, constructed of laurel-branches brought by the soldiers from the hills. This rustic arcade was illuminated by a multitude of little tin lamps, which have been kept ever since in the public store-house, and which are still used with great pride at the balls given by the cadets. On this occasion, Washington led off the first dance with the lady of General Knox.

Frederick, who had no taste for such conversation, soon rambled away, and amused himself by throwing stones at some ducks that were paddling in a brook at the entrance of the woods, returning now and then to the party at the river side, and soliciting Madeline to join him.

“I am sure,” said he, in a low voice, “you will find it much more amusing to ramble about with

me than to sit here listening to tales of the war."

"Indeed," answered Madeline, "I am glad to hear as many tales of the old war as possibly can, provided that there is nothing in them shocking or disgusting, and no particular killing; and my father says that no person's good feelings or good manners will ever withstand the horrors, the real sickening horrors of a battle in presence of females. But I will go with you if my mother will give me permission."

Mrs. Ormsby's leave was asked and obtained, and Mr. Ormsby cautioned his children to remain absent but a short time.

Frederick took his sister towards the path that stretched down to the water's edge, a little way beyond the cottage, and they were soon out of sight.

In a short time, the little party that remained on the sands, were alarmed by a succession of violent shrieks, accompanied by another voice laughing loudly; and looking up the river, they perceived Madeline alone in a little boat, drawn out from behind a projecting point of rock, evidently in great terror, while Frederick stood on the shore leaning against a tree, and ridiculing her fears. They all ran to her assistance, George foremost, and Mr. Ormsby supporting the tottering steps of his wife.

Suddenly a steam-boat, on her way down from Albany, came round the stupendous head-land absurdly called Butter Hill, and emerged into sight with thick clouds of smoke issuing from her chimneys, her wheels throwing up volumes of foam, and her prow dashing aside the water with a velocity that seemed irresistible. The shrieks of poor Madeline redoubled when she saw this tremendous machine coming on with a force that apparently nothing could stop, and threatening, in a few minutes, to overwhelm her little boat, unnoticed and unseen.

Frederick was now terrified himself, and he called out to his sister. "Oh ! Madeline, what have I done ! The steam-boat will run over you. She will be upon you in three minutes."

"No, no," exclaimed Gustavus, "do not be frightened, Madeline. The boat is too far off; there is no danger." "We will get you immediately out of the way," cried her father, "but they will see you from the steam-boat, and avoid passing too near you." "Where is the rope," asked Gustavus, "by which this little boat was fastened?" "Here, here," said Frederick, "round the stump of this old tree. I proposed to Madeline that we should go and sit in the boat which we found at the water's edge. And as *soon as I got her in, I thought that just for fun,*

and to set her to screaming, I would cut the with my knife and let her float off. I supp she would drift down to the place where were all sitting, and I only meant to frighten I knew that somehow she could be got out o boat."

In the mean time, having lengthened the by fastening to it all their pocket handker and Mrs. Ormsby's long shawl, Gustavus tool end in his hand, (the other being fast to the t and jumping into the river, swam to the boat which means it was immediately hauled into shore, and in a few moments the affrighted girl was safe in the arms of her parents, mix her tears with those of her mother.

Mr. Ormsby's indignation was so much exc that he declared if there was time to reacl wharf before the arrival of the steam-Frederick should be put on board and immediately down to New York. This, how was impossible, the boat being now close at h and as Frederick appeared very penitent, made fair promises of never again being guilty similar conduct, his father, at the intercessio Gustavus and Madeline, consented to p him, and for the remainder of the day he bel perfectly well.

On the following afternoon, they set out

walk in another direction, and Frederick, who had been very good all the morning, was allowed to accompany them.

They went first to the Moss House, constructed, at his leisure hours, by the French cook at the hotel, and entirely the work of his own hands. He had opened a path through the thick woods, (hitherto in this place an impassable wilderness,) and carried it down the declivity of a craggy hill that descends to the river. This path, though narrow, steep and winding, was neither rugged nor dangerous, and the trees interlacing their branches, formed an impervious shade across it. At its termination was a little garden, surrounded on all sides by a high wall of rough stones piled one on another, the interstices filled up with earth from which various wild plants were growing. This wall was overhung with masses of the forest grape-vine and other woodland shrubbery. The miniature garden was laid out in walks and heart-shaped beds, and planted with flowers, among which were lady-slippers, pinks, and convolvuluses. In one corner stood the moss-house, made of cedar branches, trimmed and cut of even length, filled in between with earth, and covered all over with a thick coat of the rich and beautiful moss that abounds in the woods and on *the rocks of West Point*. The door was open,

and inside was a sort of settee, also of moss, a little table made of twisted vine branches. In the garden near the house, was another rustic seat or bench, the back formed of small boughs curiously interwoven. Innumerable birds had taken up their residence near this charming retreat, and enlivened its dark shades with their brilliant colours. The oriole darted from tree to tree with his splendid plumage of orange and black, the blue-bird fluttered about in azure and purple, the yellow-hammer far surpassed the tint of the brightest canary, and the cedar-bird displayed his beautiful pinions of the rich brown, delicately pencilled at the edges with lines of fine scarlet, while the little humming-bird hovered over the flowers, and looked like a flying gem.

The Ormsby family next visited the monument erected by the cadets in commemoration of the gallant Kosciusko, who crossed the Atlantic to take a part in the American contest for independence, and who afterwards so nobly, but unsuccessfully, defended the rights of Poland, his own ill-fated country. The monument is a fine column of white marble, on a broad pedestal, simply inscribed with the name of Kosciusko. It stands near the ruins of Fort Clinton, on the eastern side of the plain, and on one of the low and abrupt heights that overlook the river.

They then descended to Kosciusko's Garden, a picturesque retreat half way down the rocks. Here, while with our army at West Point, the Polish officer had been accustomed to spend a portion of his leisure hours; and he had embellished the wild and rugged spot by planting it with lilacs and rose bushes. The cadets, with the surplus of the money subscribed by them for the erection of Kosciusko's monument, have facilitated the descent to this romantic and interesting retreat, (which was before almost inaccessible to ladies,) by causing to be made a long flight of stone stairs, firm and convenient, but sufficiently rude to be in unison with the surrounding scenery. These stairs, winding down between the rocks, lead to a beautiful grassy platform, backed by a lofty precipice of granite, which the hand of nature has ornamented with wild flowers that creep along its ledges, and shrubs and saplings that grow out from its crevices. Under a willow which droops on the level beneath, is a fountain bubbling in a basin of white marble, sculptured with the name of Kosciusko, and surrounded with flowering shrubs similar to those planted by the hero of Poland.

On the northern side of this beautiful spot the rocks are broken into the most picturesque masses, and shaded with forest trees of infinite

Frederick was not with them. They looked all round, but he was not to be seen; and when they called him, there was no answer. "Where can he be?" exclaimed Mrs. Ormsby, in much alarm. "I fear he has really fallen down the rocks. You heard him say that he felt that unaccountable inclination we were talking of." "But," said Mr. Ormsby, "I did not believe him, and neither should you. We know Frederick too well."

His father and Gustavus called Frederick loudly, but no answer was returned, except by the mountain echoes. The terror of his mother and sister was extreme. "Frederick!" exclaimed Mr. Ormsby, "Frederick,—you surely hear us,—reply immediately." "Oh! Frederick," cried the mother, "if you really hear us, answer at once—put an end to our fears—how can you keep us in such agony?" There was still no reply. "Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Ormsby, "if Frederick yet lives, can he allow me to remain in this dreadful state of fear and suspense?—Frederick, Frederick—this moment answer your mother!"

Mr. Ormsby's persuasion of Frederick's safety now began to give way to alarm, and Madeline trembled and cried. Mrs. Ormsby sunk, nearly fainting, on the bench; and while her husband brought water from the fountain and endeavoured

to revive her, Gustavus, who knew every recess of the rocks, explored them in search of Frederick. He shortly returned, and said in a low voice, "Compose yourself, dear aunt, I have just had a glimpse of Frederick. He is safe, and not near the precipice. He has concealed himself in a sort of cavity in yon rock near the stairs, though the space is so small that I wonder how he got into it. He must have coiled himself up with some difficulty." "Do not let us go thither to seek him," whispered Mr. Ormsby. "He shall not have the gratification of jumping up and laughing at us." Mrs. Ormsby and Madeline, finding that Frederick was really safe, endeavoured to calm their agitation; and Mr. Ormsby and Gustavus began to talk of other things.

After sitting a few minutes longer, "Come," said Mr. Ormsby, in a loud voice, "we will now return; and as Frederick's concealment will not produce so great an effect as he supposes, he may sneak out of his hole and follow us at his leisure."

They left the bench, and were ascending the lower flight of stone steps, when a violent scream startled them all, and it was repeated with sounds of the most terrible agony. "Those screams are close by," exclaimed Madeline. "They come from the place in which Frederick is hidden," said Gustavus. "Another of his foolish

jokes," said Mr. Ormsby. "Oh! no, no," cried Mrs. Ormsby, "those are the screams of real suffering."

Gustavus and Mr. Ormsby then sprung to the cavity in the rocks, and saw Frederick on the ground, wedged into a most uncomfortable posture, and sprawling out his hands with a gesture of the greatest terror, exclaiming, "Oh! take it off—take it out—take it away!" "Take what?" asked his father. "Oh! the snake—the snake!" cried Frederick. "It is crawling down my back—it *must* have a nest in this hole." Gustavus had by this time got his hand down Frederick's back, and was feeling for the snake. At last he drew out a small lizard, and held it up, to the great relief of Mrs. Ormsby and Madeline, whose terror had been nearly equal to Frederick's.

"Let me see it," said Frederick. "Is it really a lizard? How cold and slippery it felt, and how disagreeably it crawled down my back." "And you had not courage," observed his father, "to put your hand over your shoulder, and take it out, but you lay there screaming like a baby." "I was afraid it would bite my hand," said Frederick. "And would you rather it had bitten your back?" asked Mr. Ormsby.

"It must have fallen upon you accidentally *from the rock above*," remarked Gustavus, "and

slipped down your back without intending it, for these animals are too timid to crawl voluntarily, and in day-time, over a human being."

"I suppose," said Frederick, "I shall be told that this is a just punishment for frightening my sister yesterday morning, when I set her adrift in the boat."

"Most assuredly," replied Mr. Ormsby; "and you have given us another proof that those who find the greatest pleasure in terrifying others, are, in general, very easily terrified themselves. To take delight in giving pain, is cruelty; and courage and cruelty are rarely found in the same person. However, we will not have our excursion to West Point spoiled by any more of your mischievous and unfeeling tricks; therefore I shall send you down to the city in the first steam-boat that comes along this evening, and to-morrow morning you may go to school again."

Frederick was much mortified at the punishment in prospect, and earnestly besought his father to allow him to remain; but Mr. Ormsby said to him, "The pain you feel at being sent home, is nothing to that you caused your mother and sister when you tried to make them suppose you had fallen down the precipice."

"But I will do these things no more," said *Frederick*. "So you said yesterday," replied

Mr. Ormsby, "after cutting the boat adrift with your sister in it."

"Dear father," said Madeline, "did he not suffer sufficiently for that, when he believed that a snake was crawling down his back? Pray let him have no more punishment on that account."

Mrs. Ormsby, who was the fondest of mothers, now interceded for Frederick, and her husband at last yielded to her entreaties, and allowed him to remain, on condition of the best possible behaviour during the remainder of their stay at West Point.

After stopping on the plain to see the evening parade of the cadets, and to hear the band, the Ormsbys returned to the hotel and took tea. The night being perfectly clear and dry, and the moon at the full, Gustavus proposed to them a visit by moonlight to the ruins of Fort Putnam.

Ascending the steep and rocky path that leads up the side of the mountain, amid the deep shade of the woods, that resounded with the croak of the tree-frog, and the rapid and singular cry of the night-hawk—they emerged into an opening where the moon shone brightly down, and arrived at the entrance of the fort—whose ruins are scattered over a large space of ground, now covered with grass and wild flowers. They looked into the *arched and gloomy cells* which once served as

quarters for the garrison, or receptacles for military stores; and ascending the eastern rampart by a few narrow steps of loose and tottering stone, they looked down upon the whole extent of the plain lying far below them, with its gardens and houses, on whose windows the moonbeams glittered; its extreme point terminating in a ledge of naked rocks, running far out into the river. They saw a steam-boat coming down, all cast into shade, except the sheets of flame that issued from her chimneys, and her three lanterns sparkling far apart, their brilliant lights reflected on the water; after turning the point her form was distinctly defined, as she crossed the broad line of moonlight that danced and glittered on the silent river.

Gustavus then conducted his friends to the western side, where the shattered walls of the old fort run along the utmost verge of a perpendicular mass of rock of a stupendous height. Mrs. Ormsby and Madeline shuddered as they looked over the broken parapet into the abyss beneath, the bottom of which is strewed with stones fallen from the lonely ruins; and Mrs. Ormsby kept Frederick carefully beside her, and held him tightly by the hand.

Just then the sound of the fifes, and the drums beating tattoo, ascended from the plain, and our *party returned to the other side of the fort, that*

they might hear it more distinctly. Every note was repeated by the echoes, and the effect was that of another set of musicians playing immediately beneath the mountain. It being now half past nine o'clock, they turned their steps downward; and after proceeding a little distance they missed Frederick. "Another of his tricks," said Mr. Ormsby, "this time we will take no notice."

As they proceeded they heard the most dismal groans. "Frederick again," said Mr. Ormsby. "Incorrigible boy! let us, however, walk on; when he finds that he has failed to frighten us, we shall soon see him running down the mountain. Twice in one day is rather too often to make us believe that he has fallen down the rocks. I wonder he cannot think of something new. To-morrow, he shall certainly be sent home."

They walked on till they reached the foot of the mountain; Mrs. Ormsby and Madeline again feeling very apprehensive as to Frederick's safety —though Mr. Ormsby said he had no doubt he would soon overtake them, or that perhaps he would strike into another road, and be at the hotel as soon as they were.

This, however, did not happen; and after a while, finding that Frederick did not appear, his father became really uneasy, and Mrs. Ormsby

and Madeline were excessively alarmed. Gustavus had taken a hasty leave, and left them when they reached the plain—being obliged, according to rule, to return to his room in the barracks before ten o'clock.

Two officers who were at the hotel, volunteered to assist Mr. Ormsby in searching for his son; and they went back to Fort Putnam, where, as they approached the entrance of the ruins, the groans again were heard. Guided by the sound, they went to the east side of the parapet; and looking over, perceived something moving among the branches of a cedar that grew half way down. "Frederick!" called Mr. Ormsby. This time he was immediately answered. "Here, here," cried Frederick, "I did really fall down this time, without intending to frighten any body."

They went to him, and found that the cedar tree had saved his life by catching him among its branches and holding him there; but that in the fall he had severely strained his shoulder. The pain, added to his fright, and to his total want of presence of mind, had prevented him from trying to get out of the tree; and he could do nothing but lie there and groan, being really very much hurt.

He was extricated and put on his feet again, and the two gentlemen assisted Mr. Ormsby in *conveying him down the mountain.* "Now,"

said his father, "had you not been so much in the habit of raising false alarms, we should have stopped at once when we heard your groans, and had gone in search of you; and you would not have been obliged to remain so long in the tree, and to have suffered so much before you could be relieved." "Oh!" said Frederick in a piteous voice, "I feared I should have been obliged to lie there all night, and perhaps die before any one came near me. However, it is fortunate I did not fall down on the side where the precipice is, for I should certainly have been dashed to pieces among the stones at the bottom."

When Frederick was brought to the hotel, his mother and sister were much shocked on finding him in such a condition. His shoulder was so swelled that the sleeve of his coat had to be cut open, as it was impossible for him to draw his arm out of it. He suffered great pain, and it was a week before he was well enough to be taken home; during which time he made many resolutions of amendment.

In conclusion, we have the satisfaction of saying, that this last lesson was not lost on Frederick Ormsby; and that he ceased to derive amusement from exciting pain and terror in others.

ELIZA LESLIE.

WHO IS THE PRETTIEST?

A TALE.

BY MRS. HUGHES.

“OH! how glad I am to see you, Maria,” said Meta, a little girl of about nine years old, as she ran across the street to one of her young companions. “I have been wishing to see you all day, for I want to tell you of something so delightful.”

“Well, what is it? Let me hear in a minute, for I am in a great hurry just now—I am going to my music.”

“I will walk along the street with you and tell you as we go; for it needs a great deal of explanation. You must know, then,” continued Meta, putting her arm on the shoulder of her friend with an air of great self-importance, “that we are going to form a society, and all the members are to wear flowers in their bosoms as badges, and we are going to elect a queen, and we are to choose the prettiest of the whole society; and when she is elected, she is to be crowned with a *wreath of flowers*, and the place of our meeting

is to be beside the large circle in the square, and—”

“And who, do you think, will be made your queen?” interrupted Maria.

“Oh! that I cannot tell; but I hope my dear beautiful Elizabeth will. I am sure she is the handsomest. Do not you?”

“Perhaps so; but I do not think she is so very pretty. You always call her so beautiful; but I cannot see any thing so very beautiful about her.”

“Oh! has she not beautiful red cheeks, and bright black eyes, and a sweet smile? Oh, I declare I think she is a splendid girl.”

“But only consider what a dark complexion she has, and how bad her teeth are, some of them long and some short.”

“Well, but that, you know, is only because her second teeth are not all grown yet; and as to her complexion, though it is dark, it is so clear and bright that every body says it is beautiful. But will you not join our society, Maria? will you not come into the square between six and seven o'clock, and be made one of our members? because we are going to vote for our queen to-morrow.”

“If I come, I shall not vote for Elizabeth, that you may depend upon.”

“Very well; you may vote for whom you

please. Only come, for we shall have a grand time."

"Well, perhaps I may. But what flower must I have?"

"Whatever you choose; but roses are the prettiest, you know."

Maria had now arrived at the house of her music teacher, and Meta left her. But again and again had her teacher to call Maria's wandering attention to her ~~lesson~~. A feeling of jealousy had taken possession of her mind, and it was out of the power of music to produce harmony within. Maria had been accustomed to hear herself called a beauty, and had unfortunately been in the habit of hearing her handsome looks spoken of in such a manner as to lead her not only to be very vain of her personal appearance, but also to feel jealous of any one whose pretensions could be put at all in competition with her own. On this account she had never been fond of Elizabeth, neither had she ever been partial to Meta, because, though by no means pretending to beauty herself, she at all times bestowed unreserved admiration on the beauty of her friend. And now to hear of Elizabeth's being chosen queen of the society, even at the time that she was herself invited to become one of the *members*, was a severe wound to her vanity;

and as she turned it over and over in her mind, her wandering thoughts rested upon any thing rather than the music to which she ought to have been attending; till at length her teacher, out of patience with the repeated mistakes she made, chid her so severely, as to make her weep; and she returned home, when her lesson was over, with swollen eyes and looks which would have disfigured the finest set of features. "I will not go to the square," thought she as she returned home—"I will not go near them, and then I shall not know any thing about the queen they choose, unless I should happen to meet some of them, for then there is no doubt they will all of them be in a great hurry to tell me, especially Meta. If her beauty Elizabeth should happen to be chosen, she will be so crazy, that she will not be able to contain herself till she has told me all about it. But who knows whether Elizabeth will be chosen or not? It was only Meta's own fancy that set her down as the prettiest; perhaps there may not be another girl who is of the same opinion. Oh, how I should like to see some one else elected; it would disappoint them both so much. I think I will go and just see how they get on." With this determination, and incited by the secret hope that she might, perhaps, not only witness the

disappointment of Meta and Elizabeth, but might herself be the favoured candidate, she hastened to obtain her mamma's permission to dress and go to walk in the square.

"Certainly," replied her mamma, in answer to her request. "But bless me, child, how you look! what can you possibly have been thinking of, to go and cry and disfigure yourself so? I really wish, Maria, you would pay more attention to your appearance; you know how it vexes me to see you looking so ill. I really believe you will not see one girl in the square that does not look better than you." "I will bathe my face, and the marks will all be off before I get to the square," said Maria, as she hastened up stairs. The business of dressing was always a serious one to Maria, but never had she entered into it with greater earnestness than on this occasion; but in vain did she bathe her face with *eau de cologne*, and little did it avail her, that a slight moisture in the atmosphere caused her auburn hair to curl in the most beautiful ringlets; nor yet did it signify that she put on a beautiful frock of the newest fashion, and a dunstable that her mamma had been at the expense of having imported from England—the evil feelings that were rankling in her mind, threw an expression of discontent and ill humour over her countenance,

"Yes, she is a great beauty, to be sure. Do you remember how she fell down when she was dancing that night at your ball, and got the chalk off the floor on her gloves, and then wiped her hand over her face? I suppose you think she looked very beautiful then."

Elizabeth, whose mind was always ready to receive a ludicrous idea, burst into a loud laugh at the recollection of Meta's strange appearance, with her face all daubed over with the coloured chalk.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Meta, coming up to them.

"We are laughing at the thought of the beautiful figure you cut the night you fell down when you were waltzing, and got your face all daubed over with chalk."

Meta, whose temper, though upon the whole exceedingly good, was rather quick, coloured up at the thought of being the subject of that laugh,

"Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn."

But before she had time to make any reply, her attention was attracted by the cry of a child in distress; and looking round, she saw a very little girl, who, in consequence of running too quickly, had tripped her foot and fallen upon the gravel walk, where she lay stretched at full length, and

screaming in a most pitiable manner. In an instant Meta's sympathy for the child overcame all her own feelings of mortification, and running to the little sufferer, she raised it up, and wiping its eyes, and shaking the dust and gravel from its frock, she tried to soothe it with tones of the tenderest sympathy, and had nearly subdued all its little griefs, before its father, who had been engaged speaking to a friend at some distance, came up to it. After resigning the child into his hands, Meta turned around to pick up the bunch of flowers which she had laid on the ground when about to lift up the child; but in raising herself again, she gave a sudden turn, which threw her off her balance, and the next moment she was herself prostrate on the ground. It was now the time for the father of the child to return the kindness which Meta had just shown, which he did by the gentlest attentions; but as he stood helping her to wipe her frock, Meta's eyes happened to glance towards the place where her young companions were, and the first objects that she saw were Maria and Elizabeth standing looking and laughing at her. Again Meta's cheek was flushed with indignation, and when the next moment she saw a little dog which the gentleman had with him, tearing to pieces the flowers that had been again thrown to the

ground, she lost all command over herself, and burst into tears. "Oh, my beautiful flowers are all destroyed," she exclaimed, "and my aunt Margaret has no more to give me."

"Never mind your flowers, my little girl," said the gentleman kindly. "I have plenty of beautiful flowers, and you shall have as many as you please of the best of them; for I shall be very happy indeed to make some little return for the kindness you showed to my little Lucy. Tell me where you live, and you shall very soon have your flowers replaced."

Meta gave him the information which he required, but added at the same time that she would rather not have the flowers before the next afternoon, and they then parted with mutual thanks and kind feelings. As she turned from her new friend, Meta's eye immediately wandered in search of her old one, but Elizabeth was no longer to be seen. "Where is Elizabeth?" asked she, going towards Maria, who had now composed her countenance into an expression of sympathy. "She is gone home—she would not stay any longer."

"I think she might have waited for me," said Meta, hurt and offended at her friend's unkindness.

"I believe she did not like to walk home with *you* after you had got your frock so soiled."

"I would have walked home with her, however she might have been dressed."

"Meta," said Maria, putting her arm through Meta's as she spoke, and availing herself of the impressions of the moment with a degree of policy that might have been learnt from much older politicians, "I think Elizabeth does not like you half so well as you do her."

"Perhaps not. I cannot help that," answered Meta, coldly.

"I do not believe you would have stood laughing at her if she had happened to fall down."

"I do not think I should."

"And she said that she never saw such a stumbling thing as you are; that you scarcely ever go out without having a tumble before you come in again."

"I would not talk of her faults," said Meta, deeply wounded.

"No, I am sure you would not," returned the new candidate for honours; "I never saw any body so kind in my life as you always are to her. I am sure I think she is a very ungrateful girl; and I wonder how in the world you can think her so very pretty. Do come with me past our house, Meta," continued the young politician, "for I want to ask my mamma if I may not have you to *drink tea with me this evening.*" Meta did so;

the request was granted, and they proceeded together to obtain Meta's mamma's permission also; and this being obtained, and Meta having changed her frock, they returned again to Maria's home, where they spent the evening together very happily.

Few little girls are insensible to the delights of paying a visit, or can fail to recollect, if they examine their own bosoms, that they have often seen charms in a young companion at the moment of being invited to visit her, that they had never before discovered; and have even, on such an occasion, neglected an old friend for one that they knew little of, and cared very little about. When they recollect this, it is hoped they will forgive Meta her temporary forgetfulness of her friend, and not set her down as fickle and unstable in her attachments, though it is confessed that she returned home that night determined to vote the following evening for Maria, who was, she declared, the greatest beauty she had ever seen in all her life.

The next evening, so much wished for by some, and dreaded by others, at length arrived, and the young associates flocked to the place of meeting with palpitating hearts. And let not those, who, in consequence of having passed over a few more years, think themselves their supe-

riors, scorn the objects which thus excited their interest as too trifling and insignificant; for could they look a little further into life, and view those who are much their own seniors, they would find that stronger emotions, and much more tumultuous feelings, are every day experienced for pleasures almost as childish, and honours little less evanescent.

When the group was assembled, Matilda, who was the oldest of the set, and had indeed been the founder of the society, began to gather in the votes, which each one had written on a slip of paper. When she had got them all, she proceeded to one of the benches, that she might examine them at her ease. Thither she was accompanied by the whole party, who stood round anxiously watching the result of the examination. When assorted, there were found to be, besides a few single votes for others, four for Maria, four for Elizabeth, and four for Meta. What was to be done? They had each an equal number of votes, and yet they could not all be made queens. That was out of the question.

“Oh, stop!” said Maria, as Matilda tried to hit upon some mode of settling the point in an impartial manner, “it has not struck seven o’clock yet, and you know you said you would take any

votes that might be brought in before it struck seven o'clock."

"I know I said so," returned Matilda, "but you are all here, and so there is no use in waiting."

"No, Meta is not here," answered Maria.

Every one looked round with surprise, and each wondered how she could have forgotten Meta.

"Oh! then that will settle it at once," said Matilda, "for we all know whom she will vote for. We are very sure that she will give Elizabeth her vote."

"No! indeed," cried one. "Oh! Elizabeth behaved very ill to Meta yesterday," said another. "I am sure she will not vote for Elizabeth," exclaimed a third.

Elizabeth hung her head, and Maria raised hers higher than usual.

"Here she comes," cried one, and at that moment Meta was seen advancing towards them, carrying a basket, the top of which was very closely covered over with a sheet of white paper. The state of the poll was very soon made known to her, and she was asked for her vote. "You must let me give it in my own way," said Meta, her sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks showing the flutterings of her little bosom. "You must

all arrange yourselves in order, and take off your hats, that I may look at you well before I make up my mind." They did so. Elizabeth stood with her eyes cast down, and her cheeks glowing with blushes. Maria, as she took off her bonnet, threw back her beautiful tresses with an air of conscious exultation, whilst the soft breeze, as it passed by, made the ringlets that hung round her face, play over her forehead in the most graceful manner. Meta herself looked very animated. She had no ringlets, nor had she the diamond-like eyes of her friend, but she had a clear skin, a pretty figure, and a countenance which beamed with affection, intelligence, and generosity ; and as she stood in the middle of the group with her little basket in her hand, looking at each by turns with an air of pretended gravity, those who had given her their votes, exulted in the choice they had made, and those who had not, wished for the power of voting a second time. At length her eye rested upon Maria, and at the same moment Elizabeth directed a timid glance towards her. "How beautiful Maria looks! I know Meta will vote for her," thought she. At that moment Meta put down the basket, and raising the paper, took out a wreath of flowers, the richness and beauty of which called forth a general exclamation of admiration ; and going to Elizabeth, she

placed it on her head, and kissed her as their queen.

“Oh! Meta,” said Elizabeth, “you cannot mean to give it to me, when I behaved so ill to you yesterday!”

“Hush, you must not talk about behaving ill! Queens never acknowledge that they have behaved ill, and here is something good,” added she, taking up her little basket in which was a variety of sweetmeats, and presenting it to her friend, “and you must give your subjects a treat after your coronation. They were sent to me, with these beautiful flowers, by the gentleman I saw here yesterday, and I give them to you, Elizabeth, as a present on your coronation.”

“And are you not offended at the manner I behaved yesterday?” asked Elizabeth, with surprise.

“I felt angry last night, but to-day it is all forgotten. I love you too well, Elizabeth, to keep such things in my mind. So now,” continued Meta, taking hold of her friend’s hand, and leading her forward, “you are our queen, and we will all dance round you.”

“Do you all acknowledge me as your queen?” asked Elizabeth, addressing those who stood around; and her countenance brightened as she spoke, and her eyes shone with even more than *their* usual brilliancy.

"Yes! yes!" replied a number of voices; "we will accept you as our queen for Meta's sake." One dissenting voice alone was heard, and as each one turned to look at Maria, from whom it proceeded, they saw her pale with rage, while her lips, which had changed their ruby hue for a sort of blue white, quivered as she muttered, "it is not fair! Meta has no right to crown Elizabeth."

"Oh yes, it is quite fair!" returned all the voices at once. "Elizabeth is our queen."

"Then if I am your queen," said Elizabeth, "remember you must obey me. So now I will tell you what I am going to do. I am going to resign my honours, and make Meta queen in my stead; for she deserves it much better than I do." And as she spoke, she took the wreath from her own head, and placed it on that of her friend.

"Oh! I must not have it," said Meta, as soon as the general burst of approbation which rung through the group was sufficiently subsided to permit her voice to be heard. "I cannot wear his wreath! It was to be for the prettiest, you know, and I am not pretty at all."

"Yes; yes, you are pretty to-day—we all think you pretty to-day," cried all as with one voice.

"And pray, who gives Elizabeth a right to choose a queen for us?" asked Maria, whose

features were by this time so distorted with rage and envy, as to make her look almost frightful.

“I thought a queen had a right to do any thing,” said Elizabeth; “but here is my uncle George coming, and as he is a lawyer, and knows what is right, I will ask him.” Elizabeth ran to ask the opinion of her legal friend, who, after hearing her little history, came forward towards her young companions, leading Elizabeth by the hand. “I have listened attentively to Elizabeth’s statement of this business,” said he, as he came up to them, “and I am of opinion that this sweet little girl—” and as he spoke, he put his hand on Meta’s head, which was still ornamented with the beautiful wreath, “has a double right to the honour that has now been conferred upon her. She is your queen, both because she was given to you by one whom you had promised to obey, and because you meant the honour for the one who possessed the highest kind of beauty; for though red cheeks and bright eyes are very pretty things, affection, generosity, and a spirit of forgiveness, are beauties of a very superior nature, and will have power to charm long after the cheeks have ‘lost their bloom, and the eyes have ceased to sparkle.’”

Another burst of approbation succeeded this speech, and joining hands, they danced round the

blushing Meta, and hailed her as their queen. It was noticed by some that Maria was not among them, and looking round, they saw her hastening out of the square with the greatest speed, to indulge her mortification and disappointment alone.

After the ceremony of dancing round their queen was over, they all arranged themselves round her, when she distributed her sweetmeats; after which, they returned home, highly delighted with the proceedings of the evening, and with promises of meeting at the same place the following evening, again to pay their devotions to their queen.

Thus these little girls were taught, what we hope our young readers will never forget, that true beauty is in the mind and heart, and not in face or form, and that the common proverb is as true as it is common, "*Handsome is that handsome does.*"

THE MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI.

CORNELIA stands with noble air ;
No diamonds gem her tresses fair.
Beside her sits her matron guest,
With glittering robe and jewelled crest :
Enwreathed amid each silken curl,
Flashes the ruby,—gleams the pearl :
All various gems, with blending ray,
In free and changing splendour play.
With pride she lifts a jewelled band,
Bright sparkling on her snowy hand.
“ Where are *thy* jewels ? Hast not *thou*
Some glowing gems to light thy brow ?
Dost *thou* not love the diamond’s play,
The ruby’s blush, the emerald’s ray ?
Methinks this band would proudly shine
Upon that graceful neck of thine,
And well become, these circlets fair,
Thy rounded arm, or braided hair ! ”
CORNELIA, with undazzled eye,
Surveys each gem, admires each dye,
Extols their worth ; then turns away—
“ *My* jewels ? Yes—a moment stay— ”
And scarce her lips have breathed the word,
Ere childhood’s laughing voice is heard ;
Light footsteps bounding through the hall
Obey her heart’s unuttered call.

And there they stand,—her only joys,
Her fairy girl, her blessed boys;
Three living gems, whose gentle ray
Sheds ceaseless radiance o'er her way,—
Fair stars, whose early light is given
To cheer the mother's earthly heaven.
Her arm hath drawn, with conscious pride,
Her youngest darling to her side,
And, shedding on the group the while
The light of her unshadowed smile,
With all *the mother* in her eyes,
“*THESE are my jewels,*” she replies.

A. M. W.

THE MOSS ROSE.

“*THE* Angel who tends the flowers and in the silent night besprinkles them with dew, slumbered one delightful spring-day in the shade of a rose-bush.

“And when he awoke, he said with looks of kindness: Loveliest of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing perfume, and for thy cooling shade. Ask what thou wilt of me, and I will grant it thee.

“Confer on me then a new charm, sighed the spirit of the rose. The Angel adorned the fairest of the flowers with simple moss.

“And the moss-rose, the loveliest of her race, appeared in her modest but beautiful attire.”

LE LOUP ET L'AGNEAU.

BY THE AUTHOR OF **LIGHTS OF EDUCATION.**

Soon after the dreadful massacre of the white inhabitants of St. Domingo many years ago, a French family came to settle in Baltimore. With a small sum of money, saved from the wreck of a large fortune, they purchased an acre of ground, about a mile from town, with a stone house built on it; over which they contrived to spread a foreign appearance, by thatching the slanting roof of the porch in front—latticing the small windows—and hanging out a nightingale in a wicker cage. The family consisted of a gentleman and lady, a nephew, and an infant daughter, with the domestics, the faithful adherents of their master's adverse fortune. After some time, Mr. Leroy obtained a small salary in the French consul's office; Madame Leroy worked stays; the servant woman (Pauline) made cakes, and sold them at market, or in the park on *field-days*,



THE PUPPY. — A DOG'S LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

— A DOG'S LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

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to the followers of the military assembled there. The man (Antoine) cultivated West India vegetables; but when Pauline was away, he added all the work of the house to his own occupation; and could cook, wash, and iron, better than herself, though he never scolded half so loud. Little Susette was a sweet creature; with bright laughing black eyes, and of a lively, courageous temper. Her cousin was not so; whether the horrid scenes he indistinctly remembered in his own country, or the little sympathy he found in another, tended the most to depression and fear, I know not; but Louis was pensive even to sadness, and timid almost to feminine weakness. These qualities, so injurious to his future prospects, might have been overcome, since they did not appear in the feelings of his early childhood, had he been left either with his family, in the peaceful enjoyment of his own little pleasures, or found associates, who would have enlivened and encouraged, by kindness and protection. But the only boy who sought his society, was the least likely to benefit him in this respect. He was the son of a wealthy brewer, whose residence was near Mr. Leroy's, and his name was Michael Redman; commonly called Mike, and sometimes Red Mike. This boy was the usual companion of *Louis*, from beyond the Falls to school, and back.

again. Strange, that nothing should grow out such constant intercourse, in a free country, b wanton oppression and slavish fear; because t ready invention and quick perception of the litt Frenchman, excited the envy of his unintellectu companion, though he affected to despise all t delicate endowments of that mind, which he ke in bondage, by the exercise of his savage streng alone; but this reduced Louis to the most d graded state of slavery, till at length he becan subservient to his tyrant's purposes on eve occasion; would I could say of good *or* ev where all was evil. On Michael's youthful cou tenance already were impressed the marks fatal passions; and every day the traces deepene the shadows darkened. This was more perce tible, whenever his forbidding face appeared opposition to the lovely, innocent countenance Louis Leroy; and then so remarkable was t contrast exhibited, that any one would have bee struck with the truth of the application, when old French gentleman, who usually came on evening to share Mr. Leroy's frugal supper, bread and salad, exclaimed, on seeing the tv boys together—"Voilà, le loup et l'agneau (Behold the wolf and the lamb). Well might I say so, and the transactions of two days w prove it sufficiently to the reader. Little Suset

had been ill, and was ordered regular exposure in the open air. This was not so easy, considering the constant occupation of the family ; but Louis carried her in his arms all about the place, whenever he was at home, till she recovered, and then she soon grew too stout for his nursing ; so one day, when Pauline was gone to attend a parade in the park, Antoine was spreading out beans and okeras at the back of the house to dry, and Madame Leroy was finishing a pair of stays, Louis took the baby in his arms, and carried her under a shady tree ; when sitting down beside her, he began to contrive in his thoughts a proper coach for her. As soon as he had drawn out the plan in his head, he set about the execution of it with his hands ; and by the labour of a few Saturdays, and the sacrifice of a little money that his teacher had given him for some service in the school, he made her an elegant carriage, which he painted with yellow ochre, and emblazoned with his uncle's coat of arms, as he thought he remembered it on the old family coach, belonging to three generations of noblesse in St. Domingo. He had put the infant in her fairy vehicle, and was drawing her towards the house, to show it to his aunt, when Mike Redman appeared. "Hurra, Louy, what have you got there ? It looks like a frog in a pumpkin shell."

The comparison was not unapt, when he only saw a small head, and two little fat hands, peeping out of a yellow box. "Come, tumble it out here, I want you to go a-fishing, and this wagon will do to carry them home in." "Oh, no Michael, that is little Susette's." "Oh, never mind, she's able to trot about well enough on her own stumpy legs ; but the fish have no feet to walk." "I will bring Antoine's basket." "No, you needn't, this thing here is a great deal better ; and we'll keep it for that always. Hurra, Miss Susan, clear out, and run as fast as you can." Saying this, he took the baby from the carriage, and stood her on the ground ; upon which she did not cry, but remained looking in his face, with a mixed expression of surprise and dislike, and never offered to stir ; Louis, who at the moment was more afraid for Susette than himself, agreed to go with Mike, if he would wait till he carried the child in. Satisfied with his conquest so far, Redman remained ; and when Louis returned, they set off,—but this poor boy could not recover the mortification of sacrificing the toy he had made, with such ingenuity, for the use of his little cousin, and with which he thought he should delight her parents, for the portage of Mike Redman's fish ; yet, even this was not so painful a sensation, as he felt, when forced by h

anion to catch worms, and bait the hooks them. At the commencement, indeed, he so much overcome, that he sickened to ishness, upon which Michael showed so i feeling, as to throw a hat-full of water in ice; from which it descended in streams to reast, and making his clothes thoroughly wet, used to add ill health to the other evils of onstitution. When the boys were returning e, Mike said, " This is a prime thing, Louy is here wagon, I'm going to keep it, to carry ys always; you can easily get another for self, if you want." " No, Michael, I cannot, ve not more money." " Oh ! well then, you do without—as you did before you made it." it, little Susette, she cannot do without it, use she is sick." " Sick—not she, I tell you ie's as stout as any little pig, so you must make walk." " Oh, no, Michael, she is too little, she not walk such a great deal." " To be sure she —it is the very thing for her; why, she'll grow und as one of them tubs yonder in our yard, ou let her ride ; so, I'll keep the carriage for ; and, look here, Louy, since you're so clever ese sort o' notions, I want you to make me e arrows. You must get me a dozen done aturday—that's the last of our holidays, you w—and then, if I shoot any birds a *Sunday*,

I'll give you one or two for your supper." "do not want them, Michael, I would prefer y let them sing on Sunday." "Well, I don't wa to give you any birds, if you prefer *go without* but you must make me the arrows at any rat and if you don't have them ready, when I call f them, you'll be sorry." What Mike Redm wanted with a dozen arrows and a baby's ca riage, I leave to the consideration of those you people, who have witnessed in their companio a premature acuteness in ways of traffic ; whi discovers itself in the sale, or barter, of all t small wares they can beg or borrow ; I omit t other word, so commonly united with these tw because, I trust, that at this period, when edu tation has extended moral influence so far, there not one, in the whole circle of boyish transgr sions, to whom the application of such a wo would not be a false and shocking libel. T characters of children then, perhaps, were le attended to ; and certainly Mike Redman's p rents, though they fed him plentifully, and cloth him fashionably, could never have instructed h in the slightest principle ; since he did not gi without reluctance, to the poor boy who assist him materially, a few little fishes to help out a miserable dinner, or scruple to take from his toy that had cost him three days' labour and t

money that otherwise should have purchased him a new jacket, (which he sadly wanted,) to procure pleasure for his infant relative. When Louis entered the room, where the family usually assembled, he found the old French gentleman had come to dine with them ; though there was nothing on the table, but a dish of okera or gumbo soup, a salad, and an omelette ; to which, however, were soon added, through the quick hands of Antoine, Louis's contribution of fish ; and surely round any richer board, there was not then assembled a more striking picture of "the sublime and beautiful :" A Christian philosopher cheerfully resigned to the changes of fortune, and his lovely companion, with faithful affection, smiling while she shared his fate. There was so striking a resemblance between Madame Leroy and her nephew, that many persons supposed they were mother and son ; and as he was the only child of a beloved sister, that escaped the general death, she loved him as if he had been her own. Mr. Leroy was also related to him in the same degree ; his brother having married the mother of Louis,—had this not been the case, however, he would have been fond of him for his wife's sake. He loved every one that she loved, and herself more than all. Little Susette had forgotten her coach, or, resigned to its loss, was making

smiling faces over her soup as she drafted from her plate to her mouth, by half spoon at a time. Poor Louis almost forgot his hardness under a cruel task master, when he sat down to temperate meal, with so good an appetite ; w the pleasant jests of the gay old gentleman w relished by all the party, with that better ph sophy of the French school, which teaches make the most of the simplest pleasures, which, I am afraid, few but her own scholars h learned. The next morning Louis arose ea to perform his allotted task, which would h been easy enough, even had he been less exp His aunt, whom he did not inform that labour was involuntary, and from whom he constantly concealed all the other imposition Mike Redman, gave him a dozen large pin tip the arrows with, and Antoine cut him most suitable wood. But light as the task his spirit now rebelled at this slavery, and w pered "Be free," so with a revolting soul finished the arrows. But Michael, whose fa had taken him to the country on Saturday, c not call for them before Monday, when they to go to school. Louis had a satchel n ready to carry his books neatly ; but Mike, w mother never thought of making him one, obliged to carry his as well as he could with

and he now threw them down with his cap and gloves, to examine the arrows ; little Susette, who was playing in the yard, with a tin cup, and with which she had been making music on the stones, now began to look at the books, and with the usual destructiveness of infancy to the works of literature, she tore some of the leaves out. When Mike had put all the arrows in the quiver, except one, he turned round, and seeing the condition of his books, he flew at the little creature in a rage, as if he would tear her in pieces ; and so verify his title to the name of a wolf. The cowardice of Louis at that instant vanished, he sprang forward, and seized the young savage by the collar ; while his faithful little dog, caught hold of one of the straps of Mike's trowsers. This gave the infant some time to escape, and with terrifying cries she ran towards the house. Her mother came to the door in dreadful alarm, when seeing her nephew closed up against the garden gate, by the powerful shoulders of Mike Redman, (who had his hands clenched,) and the little dog howling at his feet, in extreme pain ; she called, in the agony of fear, upon two men, who were looking out from the brewery yard, at the boys' affray, to separate them. "Be aisy, Casper," said one, "and let the boys fight it out, *I'll jist step over and see the Frenchman clear o'*

the fence." "Put I'll see de Frenchman clear o' Mike, Patrick ; mine hearts, de poy would'nt stant no chance at all mit him." With these separate intentions, they both sallied forth, and approached the combatants. Pat released the Frenchman, but Mike resisting the interference of such authority, was knocked down by the German ; who, as an excuse for himself, when he was called upon by Mr. Redman, to relate the whole transaction, offered this :—"In my coun-try, de poys are brought up to mind the sayins o' pigger people." Mr. Redman, who was not himself an unjust man, admitted the apology, and soon after, considering perhaps, though it was then too late, that he did not properly control his vicious propensities, while he exposed them to continual increase in the contaminating sphere around him, he sent Michael to school at a distance from home, and recompensed his little neighbour, by many acts of kindness, for the cruel oppression of his son. When I asked the person, who told me this story, what became of the two boys in after life, he said, "Michael Redman inherited a large property, which he soon spent ; after this he went to sea ; and I would, probably, never have learned his final fate, had he not been announced in the newspapers, some years after, *with an alias* to his name, among a number of men

were executed for piracy. In process of time, Louis Leroy married his young cousin Sophie; and proved, through a long course of years, his filial affection to her parents. He succeeded to add to his small patrimony, by several useful inventions, which were patented by the state. He reared up a numerous family, with the same frugal and temperate habits that had been taught, and under the same roof which had sheltered his own boyhood; while all other habitations that had risen around him, were constantly changing their owners and inmates. Behold the just end of "Le Loup et l'Agneau."

MARY LEE.

I WANDERED forth at closing day,
To breathe the evening air;
Not yet was drawn the curtain gray,
Which hides the flow'rets fair.

They blush'd in beauty 'neath my tread,
And all their rich perfume
Around in generous fragrance shed,
Unwitting of their doom.

I could not choose, but bid my eye,
In simple gladness, rest
Upon the gorgeous drapery
That lin'd the lovely west.

And fain was I to hear the note,
The blackbird gaily sung,
As on the air it seem'd to float,—
And o'er my heart-strings rung.

I reach'd the brook, and massy stone,
Where lingering still for me,
Was wont to sit—till twilight lone—
My little Mary Lee.

Her knitting in her merry way,
Would Mary hold on high,
And all the progress of the day,
Upon my finger try.

She was not there—not richly now
To me the sunset beam'd ;
The blackbird caroll'd on the bough,
But not for me it seem'd.

More bright than these was Mary's look,
When yesterday it shone :
More sweet her voice, when o'er the brook
She sent its joyous tone.

I hasten'd onward to the cot—
Where Mary's mother dwelt,—
Why seem'd it such a lonely spot ?
I never thus had felt.

The woodbine now as gracefully
Around the porch was hung,
The little gate with motion free
As hospitably swung.

I paus'd a moment—and a groan
Fell deeply on my ear ;
I enter'd—it was Mary's moan—
She knew not I was near.

She knelt beside her mother's bed,
Her head was resting there ;
The mother's struggling breath had fled—
Her daughter knelt in prayer.

And tears came gushing on her cheek,
And sobs convulsed her frame;
I heard the little sufferer speak—
It was her mother's name.

Come to my arms! poor child, I cried,
Come hither, Mary Lee,
God has been lavish to my pride,
I'll share His gifts with thee.

She leant her pale cheek on my breast,
I press'd her to my heart,—
And from that sacred place of rest,
No more shall she depart.

C

Charleston, S. C.

THE QUILTING.

“ONLY think, Charlotte,” said Marianne Glanvil, on entering the chamber where her sister was endeavouring to get through a warm afternoon in August, by lolling on the bed in a loose gown,—“Susan Davison has just been here with an invitation for us.”

Charlotte.—And pray, who is Susan Davison?

Marianne.—The daughter of farmer Davison up the creek. We met her at Trenchard’s the day we were obliged to drink tea there.

Charlotte.—I wonder how you can remember their names, or themselves either: I am sure I do not know one of these people from another, and I never wish to know.

Marianne.—But this Susan Davison is really not so bad. She is diffident enough, to be sure, but is rather less awkward and uncouth than the generality of country girls.

Charlotte.—To me they are all alike; I do not profess to understand the varieties of the species.

Marianne.—Well, I was going to tell you, that after a sitting of half an hour, Susan Davison, as she rose to depart, uttered an invitation to her quilting to-morrow.

Charlotte.—And what is a quilting?

Marianne.—Now, I am sure you must have heard of quiltings. It is an assemblage of all the females in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of quilting, in one afternoon, a whole patch-work bed-cover.

Charlotte.—I shall certainly not go. I never quilted any thing in my life, and I hate the sight of a patch-work bed-cover.

Marianne.—But my father and mother were in the parlour, and promised at once that we should both go.

Charlotte.—How vexatious! Was it not enough, after being educated at the most genteel boarding school in the city, and accustomed only to polished society, to be brought to live at this remote place, where my father has thought proper to purchase an iron-foundery? But we are required also to be civil to the country people, and interchange visits with them. I almost think my father intends being a candidate for the assembly next election, or he never would take the trouble to make himself agreeable to the farmers and their families.

Marianne.—You know, he thinks it is always desirable to be popular with our neighbours.

Charlotte.—That is what I shall never be, unless my neighbours are popular with me.

Marianne.—Now, for my part, I like very well to astonish them by the elegance of my dress, and by my various accomplishments. I am going to put my lace sleeves in my new palmyrene frock, purposely to wear at this quilting.

Charlotte.—It is well worth your while to take that trouble, when the worst dress you have is too good for such company. I shall do quite the contrary, to let them see how little I care for them.

Marianne.—Then you will displease my father.

Charlotte.—Is it necessary that he should know it? I am sure my mother will never tell him, and for her own part, she never opposes us in any thing. However, if I must be at this quilting, I shall take care to make the time as short as possible, for I will go late and come away early.

Marianne.—Susan Davison said, she hoped we we would be there by two o'clock, which I suppose will be the usual hour of assembling.

Charlotte.—Two o'clock! Go to a party at two o'clock! Why the wild Indians could not be more uncouth on such an occasion!

Marianne.—I doubt whether the wild Indians

have any quiltings. But go we must, as my father and mother at once accepted the invitation for us.

Charlotte.—How unlucky that they happened to be present !

The next day, between one and two o'clock, the Miss Glanvils saw numerous young girls ride by on horseback, on their way to Andrew Davison's, which was about two miles from the iron-works. "Now," remarked Marianne, "these poor girls must have hurried to get their dinners over before twelve, that they might have time to be drest and mounted by one o'clock."

"But why," asked Charlotte, "do they all wear striped linen skirts with silk bodies and sleeves?"

"Oh!" replied Marianne, "you surely know that those are their riding-skirts; a sort of petticoat made of thick homespun linen, which they tie on over the skirts of their silk frocks to keep them clean while riding."

"You seem to be well versed in all their ways," said Charlotte, contemptuously.

It was five o'clock, however, before the Miss Glanvils were ready to set out for the quilting, as Charlotte took her usual afternoon's nap, and Marianne occupied two hours in dressing

arraying herself in her straw-coloured palmyrene with lace sleeves, and ornamenting her hair (which was a mass of curls) with a profusion of yellow flowers and gauze ribbon. She put on all her jewels, and sewed her white kid gloves to her lace sleeves, which were confined at the wrists with three bracelets each. She had embroidered silk stockings, and white satin shoes, and threw over her shoulders a splendid scarf of various colours. This dress she had worn at a boarding school ball, shortly before the family remoyed into the country. Nothing could be a greater contrast than the appearance of the two sisters as they got into the carriage ; for Charlotte persevered in going to the quilting in a pink gingham, her hair merely tucked behind her ears with two side combs.

Their mother slightly disapproved of both their dresses, but as soon as they were gone thought of something else.

In a short time the Miss Glanvils arrived at Andrew Davison's, and found the quilting going on in the vast stone barn, which had been put in order for the purpose. They were conducted to the barn by young Davison, the farmer's eldest son, who had assisted them out of the carriage, and were met at the entrance by Susan, who received them with much respect, as being the

two greatest strangers of the party. The guests were all sitting round the quilting frame busily at work. They looked with some surprise at the two sisters so very differently habited, but no remark was made, even in a whisper.

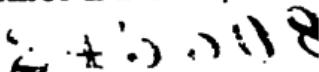
Charlotte declined taking a chair at the frame, saying, she knew nothing about quilting, and seated herself in a most inconvenient place at the head of the quilt, very much in the way of a young girl that could not draw out her arm in consequence of the vicinity of Miss Glanvil, who saw that she incommoded her, but made no offer to move. Marianne, however, advanced to the frame, and dislodging three or four girls, who rose to make room for her and her immense frock, which was flounced far above her knees, she took out of her reticule an elegant little ivory work box, and laying down beside it a perfumed and embroidered cambric handkerchief, and a tortoise-shell fan, she most pompously set to work with her gloves on. She found this way of quilting very inconvenient, and as her gloves could only be taken off by ripping them from her sleeves, she begged, with an air of the most condescending affability, to be excused from the quilting; and then removed to a seat beside her sister. Charlotte threw herself back in her chair, and putting her feet on the bars of another,

sat drumming with her fingers on the quilt and humming a French song.

The other guests, though they all had too much civility to stare as steadily as the Miss Glanvils expected, stole occasional glances of surprise and curiosity at the sisters; one so overrest and affecting so much condescension, the other insulting them by coming in dishabille, and setting at defiance even the most common rules of politeness.

There sat at the quilt a very pretty young girl, with her dark hair curling on her temples in natural ringlets. She wore a white muslin frock, with a worked cape, and a broad pink ribbon on her neck, which was beautifully white. Her figure was very good, though rather plump than otherwise, and her cheeks had the bloom of roses. She seemed to be acquainted with all the company, and talked pleasantly and sensibly to every one, without any air of superiority, or any affectation of graciousness. She quilted assiduously and neatly, and assisted with great skill in the various operations of rolling, stretching, and pinning the quilt. The sisters did not distinguish and did not ask her surname, but they heard every one call her Fanny.

Shortly after the arrival of the Miss Glanvils, *the two younger daughters of farmer Davison, on*



a signal from their sister Susan, went to a which stood in a corner of the barn, and ren a cloth which had been lightly thrown o disclosed several large custards and three s fruit pies, peach, plumb, and apple. The being already cut up, was very soon transfe as many plates as there were guests, every containing a piece of custard and three sli pie, one of each sort.

These plates were handed to the comp small waiters, by Jane and Mary Davison, Susan remained near the quilt and invite guests to eat; every one being expected to all the varieties on their plate. The G exchanged significant looks.

“ Is it puff-paste?” said Charlotte, speaki the first time, and touching a piece of pi the point of her knife.

“ I believe not,” replied Susan, colo “ none of our family understand making paste; but I know mother did her best to this as short and crisp as possible. Please some of it.”

“ I thank you,” answered Charlotte cold am very careful of my teeth, and I am afi risk their coming in contact with hard su ces.”

She commenced on a piece of the plur

but pointedly avoided the paste, eating out all the fruit, and conspicuously laying aside the crust. Marianne, however, found the pastry so palatable, that she could scarcely refrain from eating the whole that was on her plate, and she was not surprised to overhear the young girl they called Fanny, praising it to another who sat next to her.

The presence of the Miss Glanvils evidently threw a restraint on the whole company, except Fanny, who, to the great surprise of the sisters, appeared perfectly at her ease all the time, and not ~~in~~ the least awed by their superiority.

“Who can that girl be?” whispered Marianne to Charlotte.

“Some vulgar thing like the rest,” answered Charlotte.

“I do not think her vulgar,” said Marianne.

“I know no reason for supposing her otherwise,” rejoined Charlotte. “You know the proverb, ‘Birds of a feather flock together.’ See how familiar she is with all of them. She knows every one of their names. She must have been born and brought up with them. By their talk she has been here since two o’clock.”

About sunset the quilt was completed. The chalk-marks, and the clippings of thread, were then carefully brushed off; a dozen scissors were employed in ripping it from the frame, and two

dozen hands afterwards spread it to the full size, and shook it till the lofty roof of the barn echoed the sound; which sound brought in near twenty young men who had been lingering about the barn-door for the last half hour, none of them having courage to venture within, except Susan Davison's two brothers. They were all clean shaved, and in their best clothes; some even had their hair curled, and the Miss Glanvils now found occasion to whisper and titter at the costume of the country beaux, particularly at their very fine waistcoats.

Soon after, one of the little girls came to announce that supper was ready, which intelligence was repeated by Susan to the Miss Glanvils; and her two brothers now came forward, each with a low bow, and offered their arms to conduct the young ladies to the house, as they had been previously tutored by their sister. The Miss Glanvils, however, took no notice of the offered arms, and the young men, much abashed, walked silently beside them. Fanny, escorted by the old farmer, who had accosted her at the barn-door with great cordiality, joined about mid-way in the procession, and they all walked to the house, where supper was set out in the largest room.

The table was of immense size, with at each end a waiter, containing an equipage for tea and

coffee; Mrs. Davison presiding at one and Susan at the other. The centre ornament was a roast pig, flanked by dishes of stewed fowls, and the rest of the table was covered with plates of pound cake, gingerbread, short cakes, dough-nuts, rusk, preserves, apple-sauce, fried ham, cream-cheese, and sage-cheese; there being always four plates of each particular article, that a share of all the various good things might be within the reach of every one at table. William and Thomas Davison, assisted by several others of the least bashful and most alert of the young men, stood behind the chairs with waiters in their hands, and helped the females; their father being the only man that took a seat at the table.

The Miss Glanvils sat together in solemn state; Marianne carefully employed in defending her finery from the expected inroads of the various things that were handed about in her neighbourhood; but very much inclined to eat heartily of many of the tempting viands that were before her, had she not been checked by the disapproving looks of her sister.

It was with difficulty that Charlotte consented to be helped to any thing, and uniformly after tasting it laid each article on the side of her plate, as if unfit to eat. After she had taken a sip of tea she drew back with a look of horror, and

declaring it to be green tea, and that she not drink a cup of it for the world, she it away from her as far as possible.

She then requested some black tea, b luckily there was none in the house; and Davison, much disconcerted, apologised in confusion, saying, that as black tea was no in the neighbourhood, she did not believe was any to be had at the store, or she woul and get some. She then asked if Miss C would take a cup of coffee, but Charlotte r that though extravagantly fond of coffee morning, (always drinking three cups,) she not possibly touch it at night.

“ Did you never drink green tea?” ask farmer. “ Certainly,” she replied in a disc tone, “ I drank it always till black tea b fashionable.”

“ Then,” said the farmer, smiling, “ have been drinking it all your life till very perhaps you might, if you were to try, ma once more to swallow a cup of it on a pinc be none the worse for it.”

Charlotte looked much displeased, and s in her chair, obstinately determined not to the green tea. Of course all the Davison felt and looked extremely uncomfortabl *they would have been glad when the Miss*

vils finally rose from table, which they did shortly after, only that the rest of the company thought it necessary to follow their example, and the feast prepared with so much care and trouble was concluded in half the usual time. The female guests were conducted to an adjoining room, while the supper table was cleared away and then re-set exactly as before for the young men.

Singing being proposed, Fanny was invited "to favour them with a song." She consented at once, and enquired which of her songs they would have. The simple and beautiful Scotch air of the Bonnie Boat was named, and she sung it with a sweet clear voice and excellent taste, though with no attempt at ornament. The Miss Glanvils exchanged glances and whispers.

The two young ladies were then respectfully requested to sing. Charlotte refused at once, declaring that it was impossible to sing without an instrument; but Marianne, eager to display her knowledge of fashionable music, complied readily, and gave "Una voce poco fa," with what she considered wonderful execution. As soon as she had finished, Charlotte perceiving that the company, though greatly amazed at first, had become much fatigued by this unseasonable exhibition of Italian singing, and that it had not *given the least pleasure to any one, ill-naturedly*

proposed to her sister to try "Di piacer," which she also got through, to the great annoyance of the young men who had long before come in from the supper room, and who were certainly not of a class to relish such songs as are unintelligible to all but the initiated.

A black man now appeared with a fiddle, and took his seat in one of the windows; there was a re-inforcement of beaux, and the Miss Glanvils found that a dance was to be the next amusement. Marianne remarked, in a group of young men that had just entered the room, one of remarkably genteel appearance and extremely handsome. "Charlotte," said she, "look at that young gentleman in black, talking to Tom Davison."

"I see no *gentleman* in the room," replied Charlotte, "and I do not know Tom Davison from the other clowns."

"Oh! but this, I am certain, is really a gentleman," said Marianne, "I wish he would ask me to dance."

"What," exclaimed Charlotte, "would you actually join in a dance with these people? Could you stand up with them and give them your hand? And above all things would you make one in a *country-dance*, for of course they know nothing about cotillons?"

“Yes I would,” answered Marianne, “with such a partner as that young gentleman in black. And then, when they see *my* French steps, how ashamed they will be of their own shuffling and prancing.”

Just then, Tom Davison, observing Marianne’s eyes fixed with evident approbation on the stranger in black, brought him up and introduced him to her as Captain Selman; and on his requesting the pleasure of dancing with her, she immediately consented with great satisfaction. Tom Davison then, with a low bow and a look of much embarrassment, ventured to make the same request of Charlotte, who refused with an air of such unequivocal contempt, that the youth determined in his own mind to leave her to herself for the remainder of the evening.

The musician made three scrapes on his fiddle as a signal for every one to take their places. “Of course,” said Marianne, “we go to the top,” and Captain Selman led her to the head of the country dance that was forming, while she lamented to him the sad necessity of being obliged to join in such a dance, saying that she must depend on him to give her some idea of the figure; and adding that he would find her an apt scholar, as she was always considered very quick *at learning every thing*.

The musician gave a loud stamp with his foot; and then struck up New Jersey; but observing that Charlotte stopped her ears in horror, Marianne begged of her partner to go and ask the man if he could not play something less barbarous. The man replied that New Jersey was the dancing tune he was most used to, but that he could play the Morning Star and Fisher's Hornpipe quite as well. Marianne said that she had heard her mother speak of dancing these things when she was a girl, and therefore she was sure they must be abominable.

At last, after much sending of Captain Selman backwards and forwards, and proposing tunes which she knew the poor fiddler had never even heard of, it was ascertained that he thought he could play "The Campbells are coming," having *catched* it, as he said, the last time he was in town. Captain Selman undertook to instruct the company in the figure, which he did with great good humour, and they actually learnt it with quickness that surprised Marianne. She went down the dance exhibiting all her most difficult steps, and affecting a wonderful gracefulness in every motion. However, when she got to the bottom, suspecting that this display had not excited quite as much admiration as she had expected, she professed great fatigue, and thre-

herself into a chair, declaring she could not dance another step; and knowing that in consequence Captain Selman could do no less than stand by and converse with her till the set was over.

“I do not see Susan Davison dancing,” said Marianne, “she has been sitting all the time beside my sister. She is rather a pretty girl; I wonder none of the young men have taken her out.”

“I made my bow to her soon after I came in,” replied the Captain, “but she declines dancing this evening, alleging that, being in her own house, she is unwilling to take a place that might be occupied by one of her friends.”

“I suppose,” said Marianne, abruptly, “your next partner will be the young person they call Fanny, as she is certainly rather well-looking. There she is about the middle of the dance, with a broad pink ribbon round her neck. Indeed, though my sister is of a contrary opinion, I should be almost inclined to think this Fanny something of a lady, only that she is so sociable with these people. To be sure, I have tried myself to be affable this evening, but I find it such an irksome task that I believe it will be my last attempt. Now it seems quite natural to this said Fanny, which proves, as my sister Charlotte says, that she is in reality no better than the

rest. We think she must be the daughter of one of these country store-keepers, and that she has now and then had the benefit of a fortnight's polishing in the city, while her father was buying his spring goods."

Captain Selman smiled and was going to reply, when Charlotte joined them, saying in a most peevish voice, "Marianne, do you intend staying here all night? If you do, you must stay by yourself. I have just heard our carriage drive up, for I charged William to come for us early, and I am dying to get away."

Marianne, who would willingly have stayed longer, was about to remonstrate, but finding that the Captain had escaped from her side, she felt less reluctant to go. Charlotte made her exit without ceremony, but Marianne purposely loitered till the dance was over, that she might make her departure the more conspicuous, and produce a great effect by her elegant manner of taking leave. She then walked up to Mrs. Davison, and overwhelming the good woman with curtseyings, bowings, compliments and flourishes, she left the room, accompanied by Susan, to the chamber in which their shawls and calashes had been deposited.

They were put into the carriage by Tom Davison as his last effort of civility. And it was

resolved next day by the family in council, that the Miss Glanvils should on no future occasion be invited; for, as Mrs. Davison remarked, they held their heads quite too high, and their airs were unbearable.

As they drove home, Charlotte, in the most unqualified terms, expressed her disgust at the quilting-party, and every thing connected with it. Marianne acknowledged that the whole concern, as she called it, was very ungenteel, but still not quite so bad as she had expected. She said that in her opinion Captain Selman would be presentable even in good society, and expressed her surprise at finding an officer at a quilting.

“Pho,” said Charlotte, “he is only a militia captain, of course.”

“No,” replied Marianne, “I am very sure he is no such thing. If he were a militia officer, he would undoubtedly have come to the party in full uniform, booted and spurred, with epaulette, and chapeau and feather, his sword at his side, and his sash spread out over his body as broad as possible, and pinned up in a peak before and behind, as I have heard my mother describe their costume. No, no; this officer is in the regular army, and from something he said, I know he was educated at West Point.”

“Well,” said Charlotte, “I doubt his being a

man of fashion after all. I observed him, after he left you, speaking familiarly to that Fanny; as if they were well acquainted. However, he did not seem to ask her to dance, but he paid the compliment to one that sat near the door, a poor bashful-looking girl, the worst dressed and least attractive in the room."

The next day but one was Sunday. The church, which was about three miles off, had been shut up undergoing repairs ever since Mr. Glanvil had removed to the iron-work, but it was now again opened for worship, as the Glanvil family all repaired thither in the carriage. On this occasion, Charlotte was elegantly drest as her sister; for having satisfied her perverseness by going in *dishabille* to the quilting, she determined now to astonish the congregation by a great display of finery in church.

As they passed up the middle aisle, the eyes of the Miss Glanvils were attracted immediately to a handsome pew near the pulpit; in which pew they saw Captain Selman, accompanied by Fanny, and an elderly gentleman and lady, both of remarkably genteel and dignified appearance. The two sisters, at the same moment, pulled each other's sleeves significantly. They thought the service very long, and as soon as church w

ver, Marianne asked her father if he knew the occupants of the pew that was lined with blue moreen. He replied, "They are the governor and his family. They have been travelling all summer, and only returned last week. I called yesterday to see them as I passed their house, which is about five miles from ours." "Is it possible," exclaimed Charlotte, "that Fanny can be the governor's daughter!" "Is Captain Selman the governor's son?" cried Marianne.

"No," replied Mr. Glanvil. "The governor's name, you know, is Milford. Captain Selman is the son of Mrs. Milford's first marriage, and Miss Fanny Milford is his half-sister."

At the church-gate the governor's carriage was waiting beside Mr. Glanvil's, and Mr. Milford stopped with his family to introduce them to Mrs. Glanvil and her daughters. The Miss Glanvils looked much embarrassed. Charlotte was ashamed that Miss Milford should have witnessed her unamiable behaviour at the quilting, and Marianne was shocked at recollecting the freedom with which she had talked to Captain Selman of his step-sister. Their confusion was so evident, that the Captain and Fanny, when introduced to the Miss Glanvils, avoided making any allusion to having met them at Farmer Davison's.

But little was said on either side, and disconcerted sisters were glad to take refuge in the carriage.

On their way home, Charlotte expressed surprise at the condescension of the govern family in deigning to be on visiting terms w the farmer's.

“And why not?” said Mr. Glanvil. “And Davison is a good citizen, and a respectable sensible, and worthy man; and his child though he has wisely forborne to make attempt at giving them what is called a fashionable education, are by no means coarse. old-fashioned plainness of decent country people is not vulgarity; and if they are ignorant of conventional forms of city society, they generally make amends by having a large share of natural civility which springs from good feelings and it is easy in our intercourse with them to avoid imitating such of their habits and pressions as are at variance with our standard of refinement. As fellow-citizens, their rights are the same as ours, and, like us, they call no master. Not one of them would bend his knee to any monarch upon earth.

“Governor Milford has lived in this part of the country nearly his whole life, and is, of course, acquainted with all the old settlers

whom Andrew Davison is one. And he has very judiciously brought up his family in the mutual interchange of civilities with all his respectable neighbours, knowing that nothing is ever lost by cultivating the good opinion of those among whom our lot is cast."

"I suspect, after all," said Charlotte, ill-naturedly, "that the governor's affability, and that of his children, originate in the expectation of securing the votes of farmer Davison and his sons at the next election."

"You are entirely mistaken," replied Mr. Glanvil. "Governor Milford and the Davisons, though old friends, are of opposite parties. They did not vote for him at the last election, and he has declined being a candidate for the next."

Next day, the Glanvils were visited by the governor, with his wife and daughter. Captain Selman did not accompany them, having set out to return to his station. Mr. and Mrs. Glanvil were not at home, but the young ladies overwhelmed the Milford family with civilities; Charlotte, in particular, was absolutely obsequious in her attentions.

Upon farther acquaintance, they found that Fanny Milford had been educated in the city, and was quite as accomplished as either of themselves, though she had too much good sense to

make any unseasonable display. Her ex-
was not lost upon Marianne, who imp-
greatly by occasional intercourse with
amiable girl. We wish we could say the
of Charlotte ; but pride is of all faults one
most difficult to conquer, as it is seldom
except in persons of weak understanding.
sible people are never offensively proud.

ELIZA LESLIE

THE CHILDREN OF HENRY FIRST.

LIGHT sped a bark from Gallia's strand
Across the azure main,
And on her deck a joyous band—
A proud and courtly train
Surrounded Albion's princely heir,
Who toward his realm return'd,
And music's cheering strain was there,
And hearts with pleasure burn'd.

It was a fair and glorious sight
That gallant bark to see,
With floating streamers glittering bright
In pomp of chivalry :—

THE PET LAMB.

A TALE.

BY MRS. HUGHES.

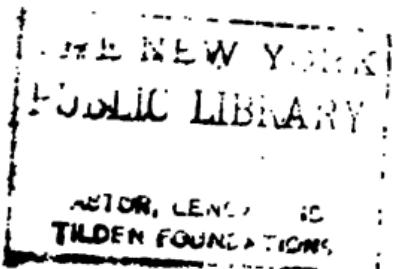
One cold bleak morning, in the latter end of March, before winter had quite determined to resign his tyrannical sway, though he had occasionally permitted a few soft breezes to woo the opening buds of the willow and the horse-chestnut, and scatter a few of the earliest spring flowers over the fields, Farmer Early happened, on his way to the place where his labourers were at work, to pass a field in which he had a number of sheep. Two or three times, as he proceeded along, by the side of the fence, he thought he heard a very feeble bleat, and stopped to see if there was any youngling in need of more aid than was in its mother's power to render. For some time, however, he looked in vain, but at length the sound became more distinct, and soon guided him to a corner of the field, where he discovered a sheep lying stretched out on its side, and a lamb, evidently just born, lying near it. He hastened immediately to the aid of

Plunging, he dar'd the breakers ho
 None might the deed restrain,
 And battl'd with a maniac's force
 The madness of the main.
 He snatched his sister from the w
 Faint was her accent dear,
 Yet strong her white arms twin'd
 "Blest William! art thou here?"

The wild waves roll like mountains
 The blasts impetuous sweep,
 Where is the heir of England's throne?
 Go,—ask the insatiate deep!—
 He slumbers in the coral grove,
 Pale pearls his bed adorn,
 A martyr to that holy love
 Which with his life was born. ;P

Woe was in England's halls that day,
 Woe in her royal towers,
 While low the mighty monarch lay,
 To wail his perish'd flowers.
 And though protracted years bestow
 Bright honour's envied store,
 Yet on that crown'd and lofty brow
 The smile sat never more.

Hartford.





THE PET LAMB.

A TALE.

BY MRS. HUGHES.

One cold bleak morning, in the latter end of March, before winter had quite determined to resign his tyrannical sway, though he had occasionally permitted a few soft breezes to woo the ~~evening~~ buds of the willow and the horse-chestnut, and scatter a few of the earliest spring flowers over the fields, Farmer Early happened, ~~on~~ his way to the place where his labourers ~~were~~ at work, to pass a field in which he had a number of sheep. Two or three times, as he proceeded along, by the side of the fence, he thought he heard a very feeble bleat, and stopped to see if there was any youngling in need of more aid than was in its mother's power to render. For some time, however, he looked in vain, but at length the sound became more distinct, and soon guided him to a corner of the field, where he discovered a sheep lying stretched out on its side, and a lamb, evidently just born, lying near it. He hastened immediately to the aid of

the little complainer, and found that the mother was stiff and cold, and that it was itself nearly dead, for its feeble frame had been exposed to the cold bleak wind and occasional falls of snow, without having any tender mother to protect it from the withering blast. He immediately took it in his arms and returned home, though with but little hope that any thing that could now be done for it would be of any avail.

“Here, Sally! Sally!” cried he, as he entered the door of his own house, and immediately his eldest daughter came forward, on hearing the summons, “I have brought you something to be kind to. Here is a poor little lamb that has lost its mother, and you must try to supply the place of one to it; I am afraid it will be impossible to save it, but you must see what you can do.” Sally, whose heart overflowed with tenderness towards every living thing, took the little trembling creature in her arms, and summoning her little sisters to partake of the pleasing task, and indeed to share the fatigue which she was herself but ill able to bear, she immediately began to prepare a bed for it by the fire, and to warm some milk for it.

“Do you think it will live, Sally?” said Peggy, as she stood by her elder sister’s side, “do you think you can keep it from dying?”

hope so," answered Sally, holding the warm to its mouth as she spoke.

"won't let it die," said Kitty, with great earnestness. "Will you, Sally?"

Not if I can help it."

"And if it lives, won't you let me feed it sometimes?" added Peggy, "and won't you let me part mine?"

"Yes, it shall be part yours, and you shall help me to take care of it."

"And when it can walk, won't you let me take it out and teach it to run about the green?"

"I rather think it will be more likely to teach you to skip," returned her elder sister.

"I can run about already," said Kitty, and as she spoke, she gave several bounds across the floor to prove the truth of her assertion.

"What will you call it, Sally?" asked Peggy.

"I think we must call it Croppy, for you know how the little lambs crop the short grass. How glad I shall be if we can rear it. I never had a pet in my life, and a pet lamb, of all things in the world, is what I shall like the best."

"You always said I was your little pet," said Kitty, looking up in her sister's face with an expression of disappointment.

"And so you are," answered Sally, kissing her

affectionately ; "but Croppy, if it live, will be a pet to all of us."

"And it will live—I know it will," said Peggy. "Only see how much better it looks, now that it is warm, and has got some good milk."

The fact was, that little Croppy very soon began to show signs of the good effects of the kind treatment it had received ; and before the day was over, it could stand, and in a few days more it began to trot about, and was very soon able to commence the business of giving the little girls lessons in running. And here we shall leave him for a while, to give a short account of the family in which he was now an inmate.

Farmer Early's family consisted of Sally, whom we have just introduced to our readers, and who was fifteen years old ; George, who was about one, and Tom, who was rather more than two years younger than she. Besides these, there were two little girls, Peggy, who was seven, and Kitty, five years old. They were all rather pretty and very pleasant looking children ; but Sally and George were the most conspicuously interesting, both in appearance and manners. George was of a more serious and thoughtful cast than boys of his age generally are. He was active, and always willing to do any thing in his

power to assist his father and those around him; but these duties fulfilled, his chief delight was in reading, and he would sit for hours together on the top of a box in the garret, whither he was in the habit of going for the sake of being out of the noise of the other children, and would devour with the greatest eagerness the contents of every book on which he could lay his hands; and a strange mixture, it must be confessed, it had been his fate to get hold of. He had read "The Whole Duty of Man;" "Gulliver's Travels;" "Cook's Voyages;" "Pilgrim's Progress;" two or three odd volumes of some of the Waverley novels, which he had bought for a few cents a piece at an auction in the neighbouring town when sent there on an errand; but of all the treasures of which he had ever become possessed, and which seemed likely to have the most powerful influence over his future character, was the Life of Franklin, which he likewise purchased for a few cents at an auction. Eagerly, nay, greedily, did he read this interesting little volume. And when he rose from the fascinating task, and recollected that he, who had become one of the most distinguished philosophers either of his own, or any other country, who had been a negotiator with kings, and had done more, perhaps, for his country than any other man, with

the exception of Washington alone, had once been a poor, portionless, uneducated boy; and that all the attainments, all the honours of which he afterwards became possessed, were entirely the fruits of his industry and economy, he drew himself up with a noble feeling of pride and emulation, and said, "I too, perhaps, may some time or other be a great man; for every body has the power of being industrious, economical, and good; and I never can be much poorer than Franklin was when he first entered Philadelphia with only a dollar in his pocket, and when he went and bought a two-penny loaf and made his dinner off it."

George had not derived his love of reading from either his father or mother; for though respectable, they were very ignorant people, and were much more disposed to regret the disposition of their son to spend his time, as they conceived, so unprofitably, than to attempt to supply him with the means of indulging his prevailing propensity. He was not, however, without one affectionate and sympathising friend, who delighted in aiding him in every laudable undertaking, and joined with interest in all his praiseworthy pursuits. His sister Sally was, like himself, gentle, affectionate, and thoughtful. She was *not so great a reader as George*, for indeed, the

instruction that she had received had been so very limited, and she had always been kept so constantly employed in assisting her mother in the household work, and in taking care of the younger children, that she had never learned to read with sufficient facility to make the employment agreeable; but she delighted to listen to George's accounts of the books he had read, and was always ready to add her mite to the small stock of money which he was able to save for the purchase of more. Fondly, too, would she encourage all his ardent aspirations after knowledge and virtue, and all his sanguine anticipations of future eminence; for to her he could breathe out his thoughts almost before they were formed in his mind, conscious, as he did so, that they would meet no repulsive check, no chilling reception, to nip the embryo blossom, and prevent its ripening into fruit. There was yet another circumstance which served to unite this affectionate brother and sister in still closer bonds. Sally had all her life been exceedingly delicate, and as she advanced in age, that delicacy evidently rather increased than diminished; and there was no one of the whole family that showed so much consideration, and so tender a sympathy for her weakness, as her brother George; and the grateful girl never seemed to

think she could make a sufficient return for such kindness.

We have spent so much time in dwelling on the characters of the two elder branches of farmer Early's family, that we can spare but little more for the others; nor, indeed, is there much required; for Tom was, like other boys, active, playful, and careless; fond of guns, and dogs, and horses; priding himself upon managing a horse better, and shooting a partridge with truer aim than any boy in the neighbourhood; and as to the little girls, they were like most children of their age, sometimes troublesome, but more generally good and engaging, and always interesting to their parents and sister, who repeated their sayings, and watched their sports with pride and pleasure, and persuaded themselves that they were the smartest and prettiest children that were ever seen. Had the little Kitty, however, been at all less delighted with their new inmate, Croppy, than she really was, she might, perhaps, have been a little jealous of the attention which he gained from the whole family, but more especially from Sally, who, as she said, had never before had any living thing that she could call her own; and as it soon learned to know her voice, and would come bounding at her call from the furthest

point of the common before the door, or would trot by her side to the dairy, anxiously looking for his usual allowance, she almost wondered at herself for the fondness which she felt for it. "It is very silly of me, I know, to be so fond of this little creature," she would sometimes say, as she mused over her little pet; "for though he likes me better than any body else at present, I know very well that any other person who took the same care of him would just do as well for him, and I should be forgotten directly; but yet he seems as if he loved me, and it is so delightful to be loved, that the attachment of a little dumb animal makes me feel happy." As Sally was thus musing, her hands were occupied with tying together a number of wild flowers which the children had just brought from the woods, and forming them into a wreath.

"What is that for?" asked Kitty, who had sat looking on so earnestly, that she had been insensible to the many challenges which Croppy had given her to a race over the common. "Who are you making that for, Sally?"

"You shall see," answered her sister, and immediately she called "Croppy! Croppy!" and in an instant, Croppy, though he had been almost out of sight at the moment of her calling, was again at her side. Sally hung the wreath round

his neck, but was obliged to tie it so tight that he could not reach it with his mouth, or the display of Sally's taste would soon have been in vain. "Now keep quiet, Croppy, and do not spoil your garland before George comes home from the field, because I have dressed you up in honour of his birth-day. Now be quiet, good Croppy," continued she, as the little creature, less gratified by being so ornamented, than worried by the unusual incumbrance, tried, by rolling himself on the grass, to disengage himself from it.

"Oh! here comes George," cried Peggy. "I'll run and meet him, and bring him to see Croppy before his birth-day dress is spoiled." But at the same moment a voice was heard, calling in an angry tone, "Sally! Sally! how can you think of sitting there on the damp grass, when you have been so sick all day! I know well enough how it will be—you will get cold, and will be laid up instead of helping me to-morrow with the washing." Poor Sally rose in an instant with a feeling of self-condemnation at her own carelessness, but her heart and eyes, at the same time, filling at the manner in which her mother had upbraided her. As she returned to the house, she met George hastening to admire Croppy's finery; but he had heard his mother's rebuke, and seeing the large tears standing in his sister's eyes,

Poppy was immediately forgotten, and turning round with Sally, he devoted himself the rest of the evening to cheering and amusing her. "It only wants a few days now, Sally," said he, seeking, in the subject the most interesting to himself, the most probable means of amusing his sister, "it only wants a few days now to the time of my going to school. Father has promised me a month's schooling before the harvest begins, and another when it is over; and if I am diligent, I can learn a great deal in that time. Oh, how I long to begin! I dream about being at school every night; and I always think that I am learning something that compels me to study very hard, and I am always so glad, because I think then I am learning the way to be a wise and good man. Franklin had very little more schooling than I shall have had by that time, and as to money, he was as poor as I am, every bit; for when he first came to Philadelphia, he had only a single dollar in his pocket, and yet you see he got to be a very great man."

"Yes," said Sally, "but he had to study and work very hard for a great many years first."

"To be sure he had," returned the brother with animation; "but then so can I work, and so can I study; I am not afraid of either. Did not I walk ten miles yesterday, when I went that

errand for the squire, because he said he would give me a quarter of a dollar ? And here it is," he added, taking the money out of his pocket, and looking at it with great complacency, " and I mean to get up by day break in the morning, and go to buy a book with it that I saw the other day, and that I want to read ; I can get it, I think, for a quarter of a dollar. And I'll tell you another thing, Sally ; I expect by the time I have finished my first month of schooling, you will be a great deal stronger than you are now, and then I can teach you every thing that I have learnt, and we shall be so happy—shan't we, Sally?" Sally smiled assent, but it was a languid smile, for the ardour of her youthful mind was checked by the enfeebling influence of disease.

The next morning Sally felt very forcibly the ill effects of her imprudence in sitting on the damp grass the night before ; and though she still recollected the severe manner in which her mother had reproved her, she could not but be conscious that the reproof was deserved. This made her very unwilling to complain, though she rose with a severe pain in her side, a burning fever in her veins, and a cough which was always troublesome, but was now more than usually distressing. Determined, however, not to complain, and anxious, if possible, to conceal her indispo-

she prepared to assist her mother in every power; and though she felt it would possible for her to stand at the washing he washed and dressed her little sisters, ed the breakfast, and did a variety of equally useful, and was in hopes it would the observation of every one, that what id, was performed under the pressure of pain and debility than usual. She was d in this concealment by the absence of e, who had not, at breakfast time, returned the town to which he had gone for the use of the book of which he had spoken the before; for had he been present, his ful eye, she well knew, would soon have ered the oppression under which she ed. Breakfast, however, was entirely over

he returned, and when he did come, he tayed to eat a piece of dry bread and take a of water, a kind of fare which would at any have been sufficient to satisfy him, but

he had now become extremely fond of, he found that Franklin ascribed so much of cacity in business, and his facility in study, adherence to that simple diet; and then ed to assist his father in the field. Sally imes almost persuaded herself that her little oppy saw and understood that all was not

right with his young mistress; for instead of strutting about the common as usual with little girls, he kept almost constantly trotting by her side, every now and then rubbing his head tenderly against her, and appearing very happy when she stooped down to pat his head, or speak to him in a tone of kindness. Yet this slight indulgence seemed almost more than she had either time or spirits to bestow, and continual repetition of Sally do this, and Sally that, kept her incessantly occupied till late in the afternoon, when the chief of the business was over, and she too much exhausted to support herself any longer on her feet, had just sunk into a seat, and was patting the head which C. had come and laid on her lap, when her father and brothers returned from the field. "Sally," said the farmer, in a tone of reproach, "you have been patting that lamb as if there was nothing else to be done. Come, girl," he continued, taking a milking bucket as he spoke, "get your brother and let us go and milk the cows." George, at the moment his father spoke, had taken his newly purchased treasure, and had got half a dozen of the room on the way to his private retreat, and perceiving in an instant that she was ill, he threw down his book and saying, "Sit still, Sally, for I am going to

this evening," he took the bucket and hastened after his father. Sally's heart glowed with affection and gratitude. She had always loved her brother, but never had he been half so dear to her as at this moment. " Croppy, you must love George for being so kind to your mistress," said she, addressing herself to the lamb for want of a more sympathising auditor, " you must love George for my sake ;" and she watched for his return, impatient to let him know that she understood and felt his kindness.

At length, the business of milking over, George again appeared, but no longer with the glow of animation on his countenance with which he had returned from his day's labour, nor yet with the spirit and alacrity with which he had left the house on his office of kindness. " Is he sorry now, that he went?" thought Sally, as she examined his countenance. " Has he begun to think what a great deal he might have read in the time that he has been milking?" " Why don't you go to your book now, George?" asked she, as she saw that, after disposing of the milk bucket, her brother placed himself at the end of the large table, on which he put up his arm, and rested his head upon it with a look of great distress. " Why don't you go and read now?" again she inquired; " there is nothing to hinder you now."

"Because I don't want to," answered George, in a tone very different from his usual cheerful, good tempered voice.

"George, come here beside me," said Sally, tenderly, for she began to feel alarmed at the expression of her brother's countenance.

"Oh! I cannot," returned the boy; "do let me alone, I don't want to speak."

Sally's eyes filled with tears. "He is vexed at me," thought she, "for he thinks I am always in the way of his improving himself." George got up and moved towards the stairs. "You are leaving your book behind you, George," said Sally, glad to think that he was going at last to his favourite employment. "I don't want it," he replied; "I am going to bed."

"George, do tell me what is the matter before you go; are you sick?"

"No, I am not sick, but I don't want to talk; so do let me alone." So saying, he went to bed, and Sally soon after retired also, but not to sleep. Uneasiness at the sudden and unaccountable change in her brother's manner, added double violence to the disease which was throbbing in her veins; and after a restless and sleepless night, she attempted to rise in the morning, but finding herself entirely unable to do so, she was obliged to lay her head again upon

low. "Aye, this is just what I thought be the case," said her mother, who coming ee why Sally had not made her appearance, ier too ill to sit up; "I told you what you bring upon yourself by playing and idling me away with that little useless pet lamb rs." Mrs. Early did not mean to be an mother, but she, like many other people, unfortunate manner of showing her affec- and generally vented the uneasiness which ht of her daughter's indisposition occa- in a tone of reproach, for which she had ways so much cause as on the present n.

now I was wrong, mother, for sitting upon ss," said Sally, mildly, "but say no more t, for it cannot be helped; and ask George e up and see me."

orge has been out at his work these two ' replied her mother, "and here am I with ironing to do, and every thing else to to, and to nurse you into the bargain."

, indeed, mother, I don't need any ;" returned the poor girl, who, though ced her mother did not mean any unkind- this manner of speaking, was yet unable less the tears which filled her eyes and themselves down her cheek as she spoke.

“ Only tell Peggy to bring me up some water to drink, and I want nothing else.”

“ Aye, it’s fine talking. But do you think I can have you lying sick in bed without coming to look after you? And I’m sure I don’t know how I’m to find time to do it, and to do all the work besides. But I will send Peggy up with a drink for you, and will come up myself as often as I can,” added the mother, as she closed the door after her.

When left to herself, Sally’s mind dwelt continually on the thought of George’s melancholy the night before, which she was sure was still unremoved, or he would never have thought of going to work without first coming to inquire after her. Anxiety to know the cause only increased the longer she dwelt upon the subject. In vain did her little sisters try their utmost efforts to amuse her, for which purpose, even little Croppy was brought up stairs, and introduced into the bed room ; she looked at it with pleasure, and gave the little girls strict injunctions to be kind and attentive to it whilst she was unable to be so herself ; but again her mind recurred to the recollection that something was amiss with her favourite brother ; and this idea, much more than the bodily pain that she suffered, made every hour appear like two, till he came

ome to his dinner. At length she heard her father's voice below, and knowing that George was in all probability there also, she knocked down for her little attendant Peggy, and desired her to ask George to come up and see her. He came immediately, and the moment Sally saw him, she perceived that the same expression of melancholy remained on his countenance.

“George,” said she, in a gentle, affectionate voice, as he came towards her bedside, “I wanted to see you, to know if you have forgiven me.”

“Forgiven you, Sally! what had I to forgive?” asked he, in a tone of surprise.

“For being the means of keeping you from going up stairs to read last night.”

“Oh! Sally, you surely do not think that I was angry at you for being sick?”

“No, not angry at me for being sick, but angry at me for having made myself sick by my own imprudence, and so keeping you from the only enjoyment you have.”

“And don't you think, Sally, that I would rather help you than read any book whatever?”

“I know you have always been very kind in helping me, but still what made you so sorrowful when you came in from milking, if it was not that?”

“It was not that, at any rate,” answered George.

“Then what was it? Do tell me, George, I know there is something amiss, and I can tell what it is.”

“It is nothing that you can help, Sally, so keep yourself easy, and get well again, for that will sooner bring back my spirits than any thing else.

“George, do tell me what is the matter. I am very sick, and it only makes me worse to think of your being so sorrowful, and I do not know the cause.”

“Oh! I am not sorrowful,” returned George, endeavouring to speak cheerfully, “I am only disappointed, but I shall soon get over it; for my father told me last night whilst we were milking, that he has had so many losses this season, both in sheep, and cows, and horses, that he will not be able to send me to school as he had promised to do.”

But though George began his speech with an assumed cheerfulness, he was unable to keep it up; and as he pronounced the last words, the tears, in spite of his utmost efforts, filled his eyes, and were about to force themselves down his cheeks, when the voice of his mother calling him from below, checked their course, and he hastened down stairs to obey the summons.

"Tom, Sally wants you to go up stairs to her," said Peggy, in the evening, when the family were all assembled to supper.

"Wants me!" said Tom, in surprise. "What does she want me for? She surely does not expect that I can read to her, or talk to her about books, as George does."

"I don't know, but she said I must tell you to come up and speak to her."

Tom went up stairs, but when he came down again, though questioned by all round about the business for which he had been sent, he refused to gratify their curiosity; but after eating his supper in silence, a very uncommon circumstance for him, for he generally had some exploit to recount that he had achieved with his gun, his horse, or his dog; he took his hat and went out, without making any remark about whither he was going, or what he was going to do; nor on his return was he any more communicative, though the curiosity of all was considerably excited about the nature of the business he had been upon.

In the mean time, Sally's illness increased in so alarming a manner, that even her mother ceased to talk about herself, and was anxious only for the health of her child.

The poor girl, as if conscious that her sufferings

were only a just penance for the imprudence which she had been guilty, uttered no complaint though she tossed about the whole night in the restlessness of a burning fever, and waited the time that day-light arrived, so ill, that George was despatched in haste for the physician in the neighbouring town, whose arrival was waited for with an impatience that only those can understand who have known what it is to watch the side of a beloved one, and count the minutes till the sufferer is relieved, and strength is given to their sinking hopes.

“What can George be about?” said the mother, looking out of the window, and straining her anxious eyes in hopes of catching a glimpse of him as he came across the common. He never was so long on an errand before, and surely might have managed to come back at least before this time, whether the doctor would come with him or not.”

“Keep yourself easy, mother,” said the girl gently, who was the only one that was impatient, “I am sure he will come back as soon as he possibly can.”

“Peggy, run along as far as the stable yard and try if you can see any thing of him,” said her mother, “and come back directly and tell me if you do.”

Away went Peggy, followed by the little Kitty, and having caught a sight of her elder brother, was about to do as she had been ordered, and hasten to the house to announce the intelligence, when her curiosity was excited, and her steps arrested, by the sight of another object, for whose presence she was unable to account. "Why, who can that be that is coming along the road with Tom? I declare it is Ben, the butcher's boy. What can he want here, I wonder?" At that moment Tom was heard calling Croppy! Croppy! and in an instant Croppy came bounding across the common to meet him. George, too, had arrived at the same time from an opposite direction, and eagerly inquired what he wanted with Croppy; but the next moment, like a stroke of lightning, the truth flashed across his mind, and, throwing himself down by the side of the lamb, he clasped his arms round its neck. "I know what is the matter—I know it all," he exclaimed. "Sally is going to sell Croppy, for the sake of paying for my schooling; but its innocent life shall not be taken away for any such thing. I can read and teach myself, and Croppy shall not be killed."

"Hush, George, give over making that noise, man. Don't you hear mother calling you? Get up, *I tell you*, and don't make such a rout about

a lamb; it's not the first lamb that has been killed, I am sure."

Peggy now caught the alarm, and burst into tears, she ran to the butcher's boy. "You must not take Croppy away. Oh! you shall kill our dear little Croppy," she exclaimed, pushing the boy back with her little hands as she spoke, while Kitty, scarcely able to understand the meaning of what was going forward, and anxious only to show kindness to their little favourite, had got some water from a bucket that stood near her, and was trying to coax the little creature to drink. But Croppy, as if conscious of the fate that awaited him, was insensible to her solicitations. At this moment, the sound of horses' feet was heard, and the next, the doctor rode up to them, and struck with the expression of grief on George's countenance, and with Peggy's distress, inquired what was the matter. The story was soon told. "Oh, cheer up good boy," said he, addressing himself to George, whose sensibility and anxiety for improvement struck him with equal admiration, "keep yourself easy, for the lamb shall live, and you shall go to school into the bargain." So saying, he gave the butcher's boy a piece of money to concile him to going back without the lamb, then turning to George, he assured him that

would take the expense of his schooling upon himself, and that instead of a month, he should stay a year, or more, if he found that he continued to set as high a value as he at present did upon being furnished with the means of improvement. "And now," added he, "I must go and see after this kind sister of yours, whose health I shall be doubly anxious to restore after this proof of her amiable and affectionate disposition." But though he was on horseback, George was at the house before him, and was making his way immediately to Sally's room, when he was stopped by his mother, who met him, and, in an agony of tears, told him that Sally was too ill to be spoken to. Disappointed at not being able either to express his gratitude for the proof of affection which she had given, or to make her a sharer of his own happiness, he sunk down on a seat, and waited the return of the doctor, whom his mother now conducted to the sick chamber. After waiting a long time, he at length heard the sound of his footsteps on the stairs, and his voice, as he spoke in a soft tone to his mother. George fixed his eyes on the face of the physician as he entered the room where he was, and endeavoured to read in it what he thought of his patient, but felt afraid to inquire.

"May I go up now?" asked he, in a timid voice.

"Yes. Go up, she is anxious to have you with her, and I am sure I need not tell you to pay her all the attention in your power."

George did not wait to make any reply, but was, in an instant, by Sally's bed-side. But how great, how alarming, was the change that he saw in her from the time that he had last left her!

"Sally! dear Sally, I am come to thank you," said he. Sally raised her eyes and smiled on him affectionately. "How kind it was to give up your little pet to pay for my schooling. But, though I am going to school, you will still have Croppy to be kind to."

"Croppy will not be taken from me, but I shall soon be taken away from him. George, I am going to leave you all very soon."

"Oh! Sally, don't talk that way," said George, in a tone of extreme agitation. "What has the doctor been doing to frighten you so?"

"The doctor has not frightened me. He told me that he hoped he should make me well again, but I know better; I know that I am dying; but I am not frightened, George, for I know that I am going to a kind father. I am sorry to part with you all, especially you, George, but it must be, and we shall meet again soon."

“Oh don’t talk about dying, Sally,” cried the afflicted boy, the tears streaming down his cheeks. “he spoke, “don’t talk about leaving us. I cannot bear to think of parting with you.”

“George,” said Sally, and an almost heavenly expression brightened her countenance as she spoke, “you have read a great deal, but your reading will be of little use if you have not learnt to know that it is our duty to submit with patience to the will of our Heavenly Father. I like to be with you, and am sorry to think of leaving you, but I know we shall meet again, and then there will be no more parting. But we will talk no more about it now. Mother is coming, and don’t want to distress her.”

George looked at Sally, and tried to persuade himself that she was mistaken in imagining herself so ill. But the more he examined her countenance, on which the indelible stamp of death was already impressed, the more he was convinced that she was right. From that moment, he scarcely quitted her bed-side, but watched over her, read portions of the scriptures to her whenever she was able to listen, and even prayed with her. Her composure and benignity were gradually communicated to his mind, so that though ~~the~~ the one of all the family who was the *st fondly* attached to her, he was the only one who could view her approaching death with

sufficient calmness to be able to listen to her when she talked about it. Short was the time however, that he was called upon to exercise this self-command, for the vital torch was nearly extinguished, and her short, but innocent life, was nearly drawn to a close. George, whose affectionate offices seemed to become more and more grateful to her as the time approached nearer when she must resign them altogether, had sat up with her all night; and her mother, towards morning, was prevailed upon to go and take a little rest, under the assurance from Sally, that she did not need any thing that her brother could not do for her. Just as her mother left the room, the first beam of the morning sun glanced through the window. "Put out the lamp, George," said she, "and draw back the window curtain, that I may see the sun rise. I am the last time that I shall ever see it rise, and oh ! it is a glorious sight. I should have been glad, if I had been permitted to live longer, for this world is beautiful, and I wanted to see you a wise and good man, but that I hope you will be though I am not here to see it; and always remember me, George, and think how dearly I loved you. Raise me up a little, and put the pillows under my shoulders—there, that will do. Oh ! George, I can't see ! Take hold of my hand." George took her hand, she pressed his gently.

and he watched, scarcely venturing to breathe, lest it should prevent him from hearing her words when she should next speak. But gradually he felt her hand relax from the pressure of his; he looked at her lips, but they were still; he put his face to her mouth, but no breath escaped from it; all was motionless. He was conscious that she was dead, but so sweet, so placid was the repose into which she was sunk, that he was unwilling to stir, lest he should destroy the heavenly feeling. How long he thus hung over her, he was himself unconscious; but when, at length, he was interrupted by the entrance of some of the family, he left the room, and hastened into the open air, as if unwilling to mingle the hallowed feelings which pervaded his mind with the more boisterous grief of the other members of the family.

Violent grief, for such a death, George felt to be impossible; and though he never ceased to think of her loss with the most affectionate regret, his sorrow was so blended with the conviction that the change was a happy one for her, that it soon softened down to a holy and tender remembrance, which served only to stimulate his mind to virtue and piety; and the sweet proof that she had given so short a time before her death of her affection for him, made him cherish with grateful pleasure the *recollection of the Pet Lamb.*

TO A YOUNG CHILD.

Thou hast a fair, unsullied cheek—
A clear and dreaming eye,
Whose bright and winning glances speak
Of childhood's revelry ;—
And on thy brow, no look of care,
Comes, like a cloud, to cast a shadow there.

In feeling's early freshness blest—
Thy wants and wishes few ;
Rich hopes are garnered in thy breast,
As summer's morning dew
Is found like diamonds, in the rose ;—
Nestling 'mid scented leaves, in sweet repose !

Keep this in love, the heritage
Of life's ephemeral spring ;—
Keep its pure thoughts,—till after age
Weigh down the spirit's wing.
Keep the warm heart—the hate of sin,
And heavenly peace will on thy soul break in.

And when the evening-tide of years
Brings, in its shadowy train,
The record of life's hopes and fears—
Let it not be in vain
That backward on existence thou canst look,
As on a pictured page, or pleasant book.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLAW

Philadelphia, August, 1830.

THE MUSEUM,

A Dramatic Scene.

BY THE AUTHOR OF **LIGHTS OF EDUCATION.**

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ARTHUR—JESSY—ESTHER.

A small room in Mr. Warren's house, fitted up as a Museum. Arthur and Jessy discovered surrounded with various articles, labeled as rarities, which Arthur arranges as Jessy gives them.

sy.—I intend to show every person my room, Arthur, as soon as it is done.

thur.—So do, Jessy, and I'll give you a shilling for every body that comes, to buy Sally a pair of new shoes.

sy.—He, he, he, Arthur, you are so funny.

thur.—[Looking gravely at her] That's not funny. But indeed, Jessy, Miss Sally's grown out of shape since you got her, that now she is perfect *lusus naturæ*; you ought to put her in Jessy's Dormant Balance, to make her stand straight, before she gets her new pumps on.

Jessy.—Oh ! Arthur, 'tis a shame for you to make fun of such things. I heard papa talking about that the other night, and he said, Mr. Casey was a public benefactor, and that it was the greatest invention in the world, for the suffering, or something like that.

Arthur.—Oh, yes, I remember he said it was “the greatest discovery that ever was made, for suffering humanity.”

Jessy.—Well, that means something about people, it has nothing to do with dolls.

Arthur.—Yes it has, Jessy, I can prove it according to logic: but as you never learned any thing, I will first ask you a simple question, do people make dolls ?

Jessy.—You know they do, Arthur.

Arthur.—Then I have the proof at once, Jessy, in the Irishman's answer—as human beings make dolls—dolls have something to do with humanity—consequently, humanity has something to do with them.

Jessy.—Yes, but I only mean that dolls cannot feel, Arthur.

Arthur.—Can't they, Jessy ? I think they must, when you give them their breakfasts, and suppers, and put them to bed at night.

Jessy.—Oh, I only do that for play, you know, Arthur. I'm too big now to think they mind it.

Arthur.—Oh, well, since you are grown too
g to think dolls mind any thing, I think it is
ne to improve your mind, and teach you the
iences ; so hand me the things as I tell you,
Jessy, and I will arrange them in right order.
e will begin with the Animal Kingdom, as
wing things are of most consequence in the
orld.

Jessy.—But these things are dead, *Arthur*.

Arthur.—Yes, but they were alive once, and
they ought to have the first place.

Jessy.—Well, I'm sure I would not give this
amond, that would make such an elegant ring,
r the humming bird that tore the pretty flowers
pieces, just because it could not get the honey
it, the spiteful little thing.

Arthur.—Oh, that's nothing, *Jessy*, 'tis the
ture of humming birds, they say, to get into
passion, when they want any thing, and
ey have no religion like us ; but they have
eautiful feathers, and a beautiful shape, and the
iamond is nothing but a piece of charcoal.

Jessy.—Nothing but a piece of charcoal, in-
eed ! as if I did not see them up in the forest
aking charcoal ; and who ever saw them make
iamonds ?

Arthur.—Why, the fact is, *Jessy*, that the pro-
ss is the same, but the manufacturers are very

different. Where shall I put this stuffed monkey, Jessy?

Jessy.—Why, just put him here, under this painted tree, with an apple in his hand ; and the dry squirrel above him cracking nuts.

Arthur.—Well now, that looks very nice—what next, Jessy?

Jessy.—Here's my darling parrot, that used to talk Spanish, and call me Donna Jessica.

Arthur.—Oh, yes, but that belongs to the second class *aves*.

Jessy.—It's not an *aves*, Arthur, it's a parrot.

Arthur.—Jessy, you're a goose, *ava* is the Latin for bird ; he may go beside the humming bird, though they do not belong to the same order.

Jessy.—Well, I don't think that's any matter, when they are both birds.

Arthur.—Oh, yes, Miss Jessy, in fitting up a museum, order is every thing ; but as we have few animals in ours, *we'll let it go at that*. What else have you got, Jessy?

Jessy.—Here's the shell of the great big lobster put together, that papa said was—something.

Arthur.—Oh, yes, a phenomenon—but that must not come here. It's an insect, and goes in the fifth class.

Jessy.—A lobster an insect!

Arthur.—Yes, Jessy, it must go among the

-you need not laugh—Where's that pretty ady-bug to go beside it? It's not so great
ler as the mouse and mammoth at Peale's.

[Enter Esther running.

ier.—Oh! Jessy, here's a beautiful little
e I caught down by the falls, when I was
g with Mary, to put in your museum.

hur.—But, Esther, we don't take in any live
here; so put it back in the water till it
to be a frog; and then, if we have accom-
ion for living reptiles, you may catch it

ier.—Well then, Charlotte Randolph picked
try frog in a gutter, and she says, she is
to bring it here: for she says, it's “a per-
irling of a curiosity.”

hur.—If she picked it up out of a gutter, I
think it was a wet frog, Esther.

ier.—No, it was not though, and that made
curiosity, she said.

hur.—Very well, Esther, take back your
e, and if the frog comes, “we'll give it
uiment.”

ier.—Mayn't I stay and see the museum
brother?

hur.—Yes, Esther, if you don't touch any
or disturb me with questions—but first put
e tadpole. [Esther goes out and returns.

Arthur.—Are there no more animal specimens, Jessy?

Jessy.—Are all the things that ever had life in them, animals, *Arthur*?

Arthur.—Yes.

Jessy.—Then here's the large oyster-shell, that had the beautiful pearl in it, after they took out the oyster.

Arthur.—Then they took away the only animal that ever was there. If they had stuffed the oyster now, that would be a different thing; but the shell has no business here, that belongs to the conchology department, at the other side.

Jessy.—Oh! *Arthur*, what hard words you do get out of these books.

Arthur.—They belong to my studies, Miss Jessy; and if I am to be a man of science, the names are not the hardest part, I can tell you. But we have some more of these other things.

Jessy.—Oh! yes; here's my dear little white mouse from China, that died of the cold weather; and here's the old grey rat, that came out of its hole every day, and eat out of the same plate with the great black cat. Didn't it look funny, *Arthur*?

Arthur.—Yes, and puss could never be got to touch it. I suppose she respected his gray hairs; if they had been any other colour, perhaps he would

have stood no chance, for she has destroyed many of the younger progeny.

Jessy.—She has, indeed, killed a number of rats. How good it was of Mr. Price to have all these things stuffed for us ; wasn't it, Arthur ?

Arthur.—Oh, but you see, Jessy, if your dear brother was not such a *scientific* character, you would never have got him to do it.

Jessy.—No, I suppose not. Now, Arthur, this is the last—mamma's poor little nightingale, that killed itself singing against Mr. Vanderwink's violin.

Arthur.—Yes, poor fellow, he died a victim to his pride, showing the fatal effects of trying to *cut a swell*. Jessy, tell that to Sally Waddle before you put on her new shoes.

Jessy.—Ha, ha, Arthur, you make me laugh so, I'll drop all the things.

Arthur.—What do you laugh for then, Miss Jessy ? Do you ever see me laugh ?—take pattern. I'm going to make an elegy on nighty.

Farewell, good night, most tuneful nightingale,
What a pity that, through envious pride, your charming song should fail !

What a splendid elegy ! But, Jessy, is nighty the last of *our* animal kingdom ?

Jessy.—Yes, Arthur, that's all.

Arthur.—Why, I'm sure we had some more

insects, beside the lady-bug and the lobster. Yes, we had so; we had a violet crab and a soldier, that Mr. Price brought with him from Jamaica, one of the Caribees; for I remember now he said that this violet crab was so tired crawling down from the mountains, that it could not crawl back again with the rest, and so he took it up near the sea, where the others left it by itself. And you know, Jessy, he said, that he saw that very soldier (that came from the mountains too) fighting about the shell he brought him in. We had these, I know; besides butterflies, and worms, and different things. Jessy, did any body come into the room beside us?

Jessy.—No, I'm sure; if they did, it must have been the cat.

Arthur.—You did not touch any thing here, Esther, did you?

Esther.—No, indeed, I did not; but if you want, I can get you some thousand-legs, and cock-roaches, and spiders, if you call them insects.

Arthur.—Yes, Esther; but we will not abridge the short space of their lives for any curiosity they would be in the museum. I wish Mr. Peale would give us a box or two of his extra bugs, since we do not like to cut off the reptiles in the flower of their existence ourselves.

Jessy.—But, Arthur, I think this side of the museum looks very pretty just so, if we never find the other things that you say. Now, what shall go next?

Arthur.—Why, we must place the vegetables next to the animals, I suppose.

Esther.—Shall I bring you some out of the cellar, brother?

Arthur.—No, Esther, such vegetables as you mean, are not commonly preserved in museums. But what a show we will make, Jessy, with the beautiful plants Mr. Price collected at New Holland, and the rock of Gibraltar; they are so nicely preserved in these books.

Jessy.—But I wish, Arthur, that you would make haste, and fix all the things that I can't understand, and come to the curiosities.

Arthur.—Well, Jessy, you see that we have not many vegetable specimens, so I'll soon fix them. [When they are arranged.]

Arthur.—Now, Jessy, give me that box with the minerals. (*She gives it.*) We have got a piece of every metal, I see; here's gold, and quicksilver, and lead, and silver, copper, iron, tin, and platina; that ought to go next to the gold for weight, I believe, but I put it last, because it was only discovered lately. I must write the names in English and Latin. You see, Jessy,

there are very few metals, that is, minerals, called fusible, because they can be melted in fire; malleable, because they can be hammered; and ductile, because they can be drawn out in wire, and not break, when they are properly prepared. But there are a great many other minerals, besides what we have here, though I'll not stop to describe any of them now. I'll just fix them in their right places, and tell you all about them another time, when you are not in such a hurry. Now, Jessy, the shells. [She gives them.

Arthur.—At last we come to the curiosities—let's see what they are, Jessy.

Jessy.—Yes; but, Arthur, you must let me tell you how to fix *them*. First of all, there must be the pictures and wax-figures from Mexico; and then the baskets, and moccasins, and the Cherokee newspaper; and then all the beautiful dyed feathers from the South Seas; and then the trees and mountains made out of rice, in India; and that's all of the large things. But here's a box made out of lava that came from Mount Vesuvius, and a little piece of a moon stone, that Mr. Price says are not like any of the stones here.

Arthur.—No; and so astronomers think they are thrown up from some volcanoes there, and fall down upon us here. It's well they happen to fall

ostly in such desert places, or they might jure us seriously.

Jessy.—Yes, they might so. But, Arthur, 're's the prettiest thing of all, and it's the very st ; this dear little doll's shoe, made by a poor ind boy in Connecticut.

Arthur.—That's the very fellow to make Sally 'addle's; I'll give him two dollars a pair, just to incourage him, poor little mortal. I wonder how we can find him out ?

Jessy.—Oh, Mr. Cotton knows him, and you can give the money to him, if you are in urnal.

Arthur.—I hope, Jessy, you never knew me to st about other people's afflictions. No ! he shall have the two dollars—that he shall, if Mr. otton knows him, and that will be allowing two undred people to come and see the museum for cent a piece ; and I will just have three dollars st, out of my Christmas gift, according to the est calculation in arithmetic. Get a broom, now, Jessy, to sweep up the floor, and our museum will cut a figure, too.

Esther.—Jessy, let me do it ; will you ?

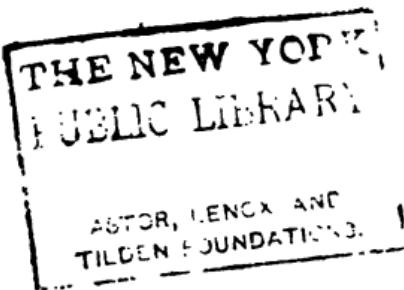
Jessy.—You may get the broom, Esther, but ou are too little to sweep.

Esther goes out and returns with a broom—Jessy then sweeps the room, while Arthur writes in

large letters over the door, “The Warren Museum. Admittance, gratis.”

Arthur.—Now every thing is done; so, Miss Jessy and Miss Esther, let us dress ourselves and go to dinner, and in the evening we can open the museum; Louisa Randolph will be here then, I dare say, with her dried frog, and I intend to give notice that “all other donations will be thankfully received.”

[*Exit all.*



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M A Y D A Y.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LIGHTS OF EDUCATION.

“MAMMA, shall I not go to the party Elizabeth Mansfield asked me?”

“What party, Virginia? I have not heard one mentioned till now.”

“I mean the May party, mamma, that Elizabeth is going to have at Mr. Mansfield’s, in the country; the other girls are invited, and they have all got new frocks on purpose.”

“If that is indispensable, my dear, you certainly cannot go, as it would not be convenient for me, just now, to purchase a new frock for you.”

“But, mamma, I have worn all my others ^{so} often—and they say every one ought to be new; Victoria and Julia Howard have got beautiful pink palmerines, and Harriet and Sophia Lincoln have got blue, and all the other girls elegant worked muslins, and I am afraid that mine will look so mean. Victoria Howard says she despises

THE CLEAN FACE;

OR,

THE BOY WASHED BY HIS ELDER SISTER.

Oh! why must my face be wash'd so clean,
And scrubb'd and drench'd for Sunday,
When you know very well (as you 've always seen)
"Twill be dirty again on Monday?

My hair is stiff with the lathery soap
That behind my ears is dripping;
And my smarting eyes I 'm afraid to ope;
And my lip the suds is sipping.

They 're down my throat, and up my nose—
And to choke me you seem to be trying.
That I 'll shut my mouth you need n't suppose,
For how can I keep from crying?

And you rub as hard as ever you can—
And your hands are hard—to my sorrow!
No woman shall wash me when I 'm a man—
And I wish I was one to-morrow.

E. LESLIE.

have not the wit, and evince that you have not the ill nature, to be satirical yourself."

"I hope so too, mamma; indeed I do not think I could find out that persons were wicked, and laugh or ridicule them."

"I hope, my love, you will ever possess that delicate feeling, which can discover nothing ridiculous in what is deplorable. I wish, myself, that the inclination to satire were confined to men of abilities, who would only employ it as a remedy for curable follies; a woman is always less likely to use it with advantage to others, than injury to herself."

"Yes, mamma, for it makes her look ill-natured, if she is not; but I think Victoria Howard *is*."

"And you feel sorry that you do think so, I hope, Virginia?"

"To be sure, mamma. But what shall I do if she laughs at my frock, and makes the other girls think it ugly?"

"She cannot make them think it ugly, my dear; though, certainly, beside pink palmerines, and flowered muslins, they may think it plain. Your father's circumstances are not so good as Mr. Howard's, or Mr. Lincoln's, and we cannot afford you as expensive dresses as those children wear; nor can we change them as often; but

every thing that's old, and I've seen her many a time laughing at my frocks."

"I am glad, Virginia, if you have no more ridiculous propensities about you than your clothes," said her mother, smiling.

"Yes, mamma, but I have a great many, for Victoria is always making fun of me. Sophia Lincoln says she is very satirical; but, mamma, do you think they ought to call her so? I thought people must be very wise and sensible, and *very* witty, if they were satirical."

"They ought to be, my dear, and then the talent would be confined to its proper use, which is to ridicule vice and intentional folly; but the most sensible persons are often the least disposed to hurt the feelings of others, and many possess the disposition for satire, without the judgment to restrain its abuse; they unite it with ill-nature, and employ it too often in ridiculing every personal and mental defect, for which little wit and no learning is necessary. One of the most ignorant, and least witty persons I ever knew, was a provoking example of this propensity."

"Who was that, mamma?"

"It is not necessary that you should know, Virginia; it will serve for an example, without a name. I hope you will always suppose, that you

teen, a few days before the first of May arose, as bright and clear, "as if no party of pleasure had been intended." Virginia waked early, and after performing her devotions with more than usual gratitude, she was neatly dressed in a cambric frock; her fair neck would have required nothing but the simple edging of her dress, to set it off to advantage; in addition, however, she wore a pale blue ribbon round it, to which was suspended a Maltese cross, beautifully wrought in turquoise and gold, given as a reward for amiable conduct at school; a buckle of the same materials fastened her sash; these were the only ornaments she wore; and that there might be no contrast of colours, which Mrs. Harrison particularly disliked, she had her simple cottage bonnet tied with blue. As soon as she was ready, and had breakfasted, a carriage stopped at the door, with her favourite companions, the Lincolns. Virginia joined them, in fine spirits, and all with great joy then rode off for Mr. Mansfield's country seat. Elizabeth was ready to welcome her friends the moment they arrived, and she conducted them to her sister. Miss Mansfield received them with affectionate smiles, for these young ladies were great favourites with her, which was some proof of their merits, since she was particularly penetrating, though from the

remarkable simplicity of her manners, younger persons were not apt to think so; and children, usually attracted by her winning attention, soon became familiar enough to exhibit before her all the lights and shades of their different tempers; she made no other use, however, of the view she thus obtained, than to soften or improve the tints, and produce altogether a more pleasing effect. Mr. Mansfield depended on this daughter for almost all the comforts of his widowed life; she entirely directed his domestic affairs, and, though youthful herself, was a tender mother to his younger children. At this moment, she had a little girl in her lap, round whose waxen neck she was tying a string of violets, to the great delight of the child, whose small pearly teeth smiled through its coral lips, at this spring-time finery. A little fair-haired boy sat at the window near her, with a silver basin on a marble stand, out of which he was blowing soap-bubbles, and as each of them ascended high in the light air, and glistened with many colours, he would pull her frock, and exclaim, in an ecstasy, at the top of his little voice; and now he cried out, "Oh! sister Mary, just look at that one! See how high it goes —away over the chestnut tree! Oh, sister, I wish you would let me blow bubbles every day; and then, if I was up stairs, I'll be bound

I could make them go up as high as that *old balloon.*"

"Yes; but, William, it would not be good for any little children to blow soap-bubbles every day; and I could not let you be up stairs for any thing; I told you so before—you might fall out of the window. It's well for you that you can have them in such a pretty silver basin, and blow them out of the parlour window. Many a good little boy is not allowed to blow them anywhere."

"Well, Mary, I'd rather they did blow them if they wanted; and I'd as lief blow mine out of an old wooden bowl."

Miss Mansfield was arrested in a laughing reply, by the entrance of the other young ladies. The most conspicuous of these were the two Misses Howard, dressed with great elegance, and remarkably handsome. They towered above the rest in beauty as they did in pride, for even the Miss Lincolns, though much more admired, could not be considered so pretty. The superior advantage they possessed, was manner. I do not mean a schooled manner, *instructed* to please; of this, perhaps, no polite person could well have had less; but a frank, and kind, and *joyous* manner, springing at once from playful *spirits*, and generous dispositions. They were

very popular among their young acquaintance ; every one liked them, yet as they were unusually tall for their years, they did not escape ridicule for their innocent participations in the amusements of childhood. All the rooms were now opened, and appeared decorated with green leaves, in various devices, blended with the early flowers of spring. This was done with all Miss Mansfield's taste, and showed what time she had affectionately devoted to her sister's pleasure, and that of her young friends, who all gave an ample return in admiration, except the elder Miss Howard, who seemed inclined to reserve her smiles for the evening, when she expected there would be a number of young gentlemen, upon whom she could practise those lessons of coquetry which she intended to bring into full operation against the whole *sex* in a few years ; when, according to one of the fashionable phrases, she was "to enter into society." I by no means insinuate by this, however, that *society* was to remain in absolute ignorance of her pretensions till then. The Misses Howard, like many other young ladies educated in the same manner, were completely exhibited at the entrance, long before they reached the appointed age for entering the temple of fashion ; and this induced a restless *desire for future distinction*, which denied any

useful application of the present time, though they still continued to carry books to school, for the ostensible purpose of education. It was a satisfaction, however, to know, that while custom condemned them to school, no custom could compel them to learn; and adapting this rule to more sacred practice, though fashion led them to church, they knew that no fashion could force them to pray; and upon this knowledge, they had acted so successfully, that now, without one useful talent improved, they came forth in the spring time into God's beautiful creation, with all their follies and sin blossoming for future bitter fruit. Happily, this had one mortifying check upon its growth, in their young brother, who, possessing all Victoria's sarcastic humour, with much more wit, spared none of its severity upon his sisters; and that this was done more to gratify his own disposition than to reform theirs, his defective education would have led me to suppose; but in the principal event of the day, he showed such a genuine admiration for what was commendable, that I think he must have had a real desire for their improvement. He was the only young gentleman now present—he had merely attended his sisters out, and was to return to town, and wait his invitation for the evening; yet still he lingered near them. Lost in admira-

tion, it would appear, of the young beauties that surrounded him, and who now, completely at ease, wandered about wherever they chose, and did what they liked. The Misses Lincoln appeared to enjoy themselves more than all the rest. Sophia lifted the beautiful child out of Miss Mansfield's lap, and ran away with it; and while Harriet took possession of its vacant place, Caroline asked the little boy for the pipe, and began to blow bubbles herself, to the great admiration of the child, who stood in silent rapture puffing out his own cheeks, in emulation of the lively young lady, who seemed to give every subject more consideration than her own beauty. Virginia Harrison alone, of all the young people in the room, quietly seated herself near Miss Mansfield; and though her sweetly varying countenance expressed participation in the enjoyment of her friends, she continued still. It was this disposition to inactivity which so frequently alarmed her parents, as her general health was extremely delicate, whether it was the cause or the effect.

“Did you ever see any thing like the Lincolns?” said Victoria to Julia Howard, “they behave so silly. I do hate big girls to act like children. But I suppose they think it looks *innocent*.”

"And they ought to be *grave* when there's a *fool in the room*," said Frederick.

Victoria's eyes sparkled with anger, for she took the application of the anecdote immediately to herself, as it was intended.

"I wish, Frederick, you would know how to behave yourself; I'll tell mamma, indeed, if you speak about me as you do."

"I'm glad you took it to yourself, *Tory*, for then may be you will improve."

"Oh, I know very well, Frederic, that you could not have meant any one else, for you are always insulting me."

"I am sorry you deserve it so well, Victoria; you might at least be as good and sensible as Julia, for I do not consider her any great things."

Poor Julia, who really under judicious management might have been a fine little girl, smiled at the first part of this speech, but burst into tears as it concluded, and with difficulty concealed them from general observation. At this, her brother appeared a little hurt, and said, "Why, Julia, I was complimenting you, indeed; I declare, I think you are a pretty good girl, and a good pretty girl too, when you don't cry; but that spoils your face, and makes you look dreadful. Well, if the other boys had to choose, I suppose Sophia Lincoln would be queen of the May

now ; but the very prettiest girl in this room, is Virginia Harrison, and that I'll stick too."

" Virginia Harrison !" cried out Victoria, in a voice which was heard across the room, startling the little girl, for whose ear it was not intended, upon which she lowered its tone. " I think she is quite ugly for my part, and then she dresses so mean. I'm sure I have seen that frock on her a hundred times."

" I would not care if she wore it a thousand," said Frederic. " But it's not so long made that she has outgrown it, at any rate, for I see that she can breathe in it. I wish you could manage that in yours, sister."

" Indeed, I think that Virginia is dressed very neatly," said Julia, " but she is not handsome enough to be queen of the May, indeed, brother; and besides, every person says it must be Victoria—she was dressed so elegantly on purpose; and you know very well that she is the most beautiful girl."

" Yes, and for that reason the girls choose her. But I can tell you, the boys like different beauty from hers—good humoured beauty, like Sophia Lincoln's ; or sweet beauty, like Virginia Harrison's ; and, indeed, I think the gentlemen ought to choose a queen, and then the ladies *could choose the king.* Don't you think so too,

Miss Elizabeth?" speaking to little Miss Mansfield, who just then came up.

"Yes, I do, indeed; and if my sister approves of it, we will have it so."

"And I can tell the other boys, as soon as I go to town."

"Yes, but you must not tell them what lady to choose before they come out, that would not be fair."

"Certainly not," said Frederic, who, as soon as he was acquainted with Miss Mansfield's approval of the plan, returned home, though requested politely by that lady to stay to dinner, which was soon after served up with great elegance, proving that she had made every part of domestic management her study.

After this refreshment, the young people were left free to the enjoyment of their own pleasures. Mr. Mansfield retired to his study, and his daughter to see that every thing was complete for the evening's entertainment, which was to conclude with a dance. When her visitors were tired looking at the books, and pictures, and *toys*, in the house, and had sufficiently admired the prospects from the two porticoes, Elizabeth Mansfield led them over the grounds, which were elegantly laid out, and surrounded with beautiful woods. Here the young ladies, as it

seemed, by common consent, separated into parties. The Miss Lincolns attached themselves to the younger portion of the company, while Miss Howard maintained a court of her own as the queen elect. Still she was mortified to find, that those three, the most distinguished of her future subjects, would not submit to her present sway, and in a tone of pique, she exclaimed, "I wonder what the Lincolns can find in that little Virginia Harrison to love?"

"Why, Virginia is very good, sister," ssid Julia.

"Good! I dare say she is—she's stupid enough. Mrs. Harrison just makes an old woman of her, and she's so foolish as to tell it all. They actually say that she puts her little sisters to bed every night, and dresses them in the morning; and she told some of the girls the other day, that when one of the little things took it *in its* head to say its prayers twice, because it fell asleep the night before, and forgot them, she was such a fool as to listen to it. Did you ever know any thing so simple? I wonder, if they keep a nurse, what makes Virginia mind them? But I believe they are very poor, for I've seen her with that *same frock a hundred times*—or may be, it's *meanness*?"

"No, Victoria, it cannot be that; for don't

you remember that she gave a dollar to the mother of those poor little twins? But nobody would have known any thing about it, only Mrs. Harrison asked her what she did with the money, and then she was obliged to tell. But her mother approved of it."

"Well, Julia, I wonder how long you have set up for a friend of Virginia Harrison—I suppose ever since Frederic praised her and you this morning: but I'm sure I do not care; the *child's* nothing to *me*, only it's provoking to see the teachers make such a fool of her at school, giving her all the prizes for learning, as if no one else deserved any. I do not so much care when books are given, for no one can ever introduce them into *society*—nobody talks of books in *society*, now. But I do wonder the Lincolns are not ashamed of behaving so; do look at Sophia, what a figure she is with that *child* in her arms again, letting it pull all her clothes to pieces; I'm sure she does not look much like a queen now?"

Just as she said this, the two parties met, and while Victoria elevated her figure as much as possible, and increased considerably the usual expression of pride in her countenance, her remarks were continued.

"Sophia Lincoln! why don't you put that baby

down? It has made your hair a perfect fright, and pulled your frock all off your shoulders."

Sophia laughed with the utmost good humour, and laid the infant on the grass, while she shook back that beautiful hair from around her face, and giddily fastened it up with a comb; then drawing her frock closer over her lovely bosom, she bounded off again in search of the child, who had playfully run from her, and hid itself behind a tree. Just at this moment, a young horse, that had been let loose from his stable, escaped from the boundary of a distant field, and came galloping toward the group, which instantly dispersed in all directions, flying as if pursued by a legion, and piercing the air with cries. Some lost their combs, some their shoes, and all their presence of mind. At length, when the clattering hoofs were heard at a distance, Sophia Lincoln stopped, and suddenly turning round, seized with a new terror, she exclaimed, (clasping her hands together,) "Oh! the baby—that sweet baby!" Virginia Harrison, who was close behind her, turned also, when, what was her dismay, to see the horse returning to the spot which they had left, and the infant unconcernedly playing on the ground, directly in his way. Sophia saw it also, but with the unhappy excess of feminine fear. *She could only clasp her hands, turn pale, and*

scream. Virginia, in an instant, repossessed herself. Like a beam of light, she passed to the spot in an instant, when, raising up her little hands, and shouting as loud as she could with her feeble voice, she stood in the course of the startled animal, screening the child. The horse looked at her a moment with one glance of his full bright eyes, then proudly neighing, and throwing back his head, while his dark mane floated on the wind, he galloped off another way, leaving Virginia to sink with the weight of her own courage, on the ground where she had stood. The horse being now secured, all the young ladies returned, and gathered round Virginia; and even Victoria Howard was awed into admiration, at such effective presence of mind in her young rival. As soon as Virginia could rise, she was led into the house by her friends, who now gave the child to its nurse; and when they had all arranged their disordered dresses, and composed their features, they once more appeared before Mr. and Miss Mansfield, near whom were placed two urns, destined to contain the names of the royal pair. The young gentlemen now appeared, and Victoria, secure in conscious beauty, awaited her promised honour with smiles of triumph, that, for the moment, wakened into enchanting life all the fair outlines of her perfect

res. The names of the gentler candidates first written, and deposited in the urn near Mansfield, unwitnessed by any but the son who wrote them. The names of the men were then traced with less decision, with more fear and modesty presented to Mansfield, who deposited them in the urn for her. After some ceremony, the votes were read. Virginia Harrison had several, beside Eric Howard's. The Lincolns had more, Sophia the most, and Victoria Howard had none. Her brother was elected king; whether he obtained this honour for his beauty, or derived it from his merit, time must disclose. Little monarchs were now crowned with wreaths of oak and myrtle, and conducted to "high places," at the head of the room, to undisguised mortification of Victoria Howard, the joy of Virginia Harrison, whose eyes glistened, and whose cheeks glowed, as she witnessed the elevation of her friend. The king, however, did not keep her station long. He looked at Virginia, and descended from the throne; then taking the wreath from her head, put it round her friend's, and turning to the company with her usual gaiety, and not much embarrassment, she made this speech:—

Madam and Gentlemen,—My father was

always a republican, and I have the same sentiments ; I never wish to see a king or a queen in this country ; but since you have been so *polite* as to crown me with such an honour for one night, I hope it will not displease you if I resign it in favour of this little friend, who will show so much more consideration for the safety of her subjects." She then disclosed the circumstance of the infant's danger, and Virginia's courage, which was only known to the young ladies themselves, till that moment. "Then let us vote this a civic crown, for saving the life of a *citizen*," said Frederic Howard, and a general murmur of applause echoed through the room; when, after Mr. and Miss Mansfield had embraced the preserver of their little darling, Virginia, much confused, was conducted reluctantly to the seat by his side. The thrones were, however, soon vacated, and their empty honours appeared disdained, as soon as more palpable pleasure presented itself. The dancing now commenced, and was only interrupted by the various refreshments, until the hours advancing towards midnight brought their several carriages, to convey the youthful party home ; and during this time, Victoria Howard had so improved a few moments of thought, that she invited Virginia to take a seat in her carriage, which she, always

uraging the desire of amity, after a little
itation accepted. The visitors, with proper
eness, now took leave of Mr. and Miss
field, who again embraced their young
d, before her departure, and said they hoped
btain her parents' consent that she should
d the approaching holidays with Elizabeth,
using the frequent company of her friends,
Lincolns. And the parting words of Miss
field were, "And remember, my dear, that
e all survive till next May, your queen's
shall be here." The young revellers all
ned home in good spirits, and from this
t, the manners of Miss Howard commenced
improvement. She is now very kind to
inia Harrison, and there is a considerable
rence apparent in her general character since
May Day.

THE RUSTIC WREATH;
or,
THE GLEANER.

BY MRS. HUGHES.

(See *Frontispiece.*)

“COME, papa,” said Cecilia Beldon, “come and sit down beside Louisa and me, in this arbour, and tell us something about England. You have described St. Paul’s Church, Westminster Abbey, Blenheim Castle, and a ~~great~~ many other fine places; but we ~~want to know~~ something that will give us some idea of the manners of the people, and the impressions ~~you~~ were made on your mind by the appearance of the country generally.”

“That is a request that I shall be very glad to comply with to the very best of my power,” returned the father, as he seated himself between his two daughters, and put an arm round the waist of each; “but it will not be a very easy task to give you an idea of scenes so very different from any thing that you have ever seen.”

“Well, try at any rate, papa,” said Louisa;



W. F. Withington.

Engraved by J. B. Neagle.

THE OLD SWING WHEEL.

Published by "A. & C. P. 1831."

NEW YORK,
LIBRARY;
THE AMERICAN
FOUNDATION

“ describe things as well as you can, and we shall, at all events, get a few ideas, though they may not, perhaps, be equal to the reality.”

“ True. Then to begin. It was the middle of September when I landed in England ; but unless you had experienced the monotony of a sea voyage, you could form little conception of the pleasure with which I exchanged the continuous prospect of the ‘ dark blue wave’ of the Atlantic, for the bright and gay scenes which England presented. You know I had left our own dear land at a time, when, of all others, it appears to the least advantage ; for the fervid heats of a July sun had scorched every blade of grass, and a long and distressing drought had given an almost autumnal tint to the foliage of the trees. The few inhabitants, too, that remained in the city, looked pale and languid, and crept along the streets, as if deprived of all the energy that was requisite for the performance of the business of life, and wishing for nothing so much as a comfortable place, to rest on the brow of some mountain, and a portion of Rip Van Winkle’s power of forgetfulness, that they might sleep away the sultry hours, till the moderated sun, the cool and bracing nights, and the clear *pure air* of the autumnal months, should again give life a zest. But when I arrived in England,

all was life, activity, and bustle in the towns; the people were fresh, ruddy, and animated; whilst the humidity of the atmosphere had preserved the bright tints of vernal beauty over the country. Few things in the world, perhaps, present a more strikingly beautiful picture to the eye than an English landscape. The graceful undulations of the country—the deep rich verdure that overspreads the ground—the high cultivation that every where meets the eye, and speaks of industry and wealth—the gothic edifices, telling tales of former times—the country seats, which display at once the elegance and taste of their inhabitants; and above all, the neat cottages, which impart a truth most delightful to the benevolent heart, that comfort, and a considerable portion of refinement, are enjoyed by even the lowest ranks, are all points of beauty which are particularly striking to an American traveller; for they unfold a train of new ideas to his mind, and he at once realizes all the fairy pictures, the outlines alone, of which, he had before been able to trace; and for the first time in his life, he becomes fully sensible of the magic of Shakespeare, the richness of Thomson, and the graphic paintings of Cunningham. Nor did I find the English people less interesting than the landscape. *My letters of introduction placed me, at once,* w

most delightful society, where, if it had not been for the little girls whom I had left behind me," added the father, as he pressed his daughters closer to him, "I might have been in danger of forgetting that I was not at home."

"But I always understood, papa," interrupted Cecilia, "that the English were exceedingly cold and reserved in their manners."

"They have that character amongst their neighbours, the French, who, you know, carry their ideas of politeness to perhaps rather an extravagant height; but such they did not appear to me; nor have I ever met with an American traveller, that had had an opportunity of seeing English domestic manners, who did not bear willing testimony to their frankness, refinement, and hospitality; indeed, there is a cordiality in their manner of receiving a stranger, that is an irresistible evidence of their sincerity.

"A gentleman, in whose house I became early familiar, told me one day that he was going to take his wife and children the following morning to have a day's ramble in the country, and kindly invited me to occupy a seat in one of the carriages; and you may be sure I was much pleased with the opportunity of peeping at the beauties of nature, amongst a happy group of children, some of whom, from a similarity of a

as well as other circumstances, often reminded me of yourselves.

“For the first half hour after we had set out on our little journey, the presence of the ‘American gentleman’ rather checked that buoyancy of spirit, which the suppressed smile, the half whisper, and the side glance, showed was waiting only for a little better acquaintance, to burst out with the most frolic gaiety; nor was it long before a few well-timed enquiries, and a happily applied anecdote or two relative to the scenes of this country, removed the embargo under which their little tongues had lain, and in a short time, their mother and I became the listeners, instead of the talkers, of the company.”

“This is the birth-day of these two,” said the mother, who seemed, at length, to feel it necessary to make some apology for the volubility of the party, and pointing, as she spoke, to two lovely little girls, who were twins, “and as this treat is given on the occasion, their father and myself are disposed to make it as complete as possible, by allowing the whole party unrestrained indulgence in the pleasures of talking; an enjoyment, which, I suppose, as you have children of your own, you can form some idea of.”

“Are your daughters fond of talking?” asked a fine, open-countenanced girl, about ten years old.

“They are, indeed. They will not yield the palm even to you, in that respect, I assure you.”

“I should like to see them. Why did you not bring them with you?” asked another.

“If they were here,” said one of the little twins, “I would give them some of my pretty flowers. Are they fond of flowers?”

“Oh! certainly; but they have not an opportunity of cultivating them so much as you do here, for the excessive heat of our summers, and the severity of our winters, are particularly unfavourable to flowers. Besides, you must know, my little girl, that mine is a very young country, and my countrymen have hitherto been too busy in draining marshes, felling forests, and extending the boundaries of civilization and government, to think much of what is purely ornamental.”

“How can America be a young country, mamma?” asked the other twin sister. “I thought the world had all been created at one time.”

“Julia, can you explain that difficulty to your sister?” asked their mother, of one of her elder daughters.

“I suppose,” replied Julia, colouring at being thus called upon, yet speaking without hesitation or awkwardness, “the reason of America being

called a young country, is because it is only about three hundred years since it was discovered by Columbus; and before that time, it was only inhabited by savages, who knew nothing of building houses, or cultivating the ground, or any of those things."

"We had a great deal of conversation of this kind, which proved the children to be both intelligent, and accustomed to think and enquire for themselves; and the time went over so pleasantly, that I was quite surprised when the stopping of the carriage announced the termination of our ride. The farm house, at which we stopped, was a neat, substantially built stone house, with a pretty green, enclosed by well painted white rails in front, and a large garden at one side, surrounded by the same kind of enclosure, and proving, by its clean walks, its neat, well weeded beds, and the variety of flowers and vegetables which flourished in it, that horticulture was considered a part of the owner's business. Though we arrived early, the cattle, which had been collected for the purpose of being milked, in the neat well-paved farm yard, were already dispersed, the business of the dairy despatched, and the cheese made; but we were just in time to see the wholesome breakfast of bread and cheese and milk, set out for the troop of reapers, whom we

saw in the distance, following each other with beautiful regularity, cutting down the ripened grain, and binding up the sheaves. On the summons for breakfast being given, the whole group, with good humoured, though noisy hilarity, hastened to the house ; and I, whilst astonished at their number, which was so much greater than I had ever seen engaged in a similar way at home, was amused with the variety of young and old, grave and gay, and male and female, which it exhibited. I was surprised, however, to find, that even after the reapers were all assembled round the breakfast table, the field which they had left was still covered over with a great many stragglers, who appeared to wander about without any definite object in view, whilst the master, with his stick thrown over his shoulder, strolled about amongst them, as if his work was not yet suspended. Upon enquiry, I found that these were gleaners, a race of beings of whom we know nothing in this country, except through the poets ; and my imagination instantly taking flight at the name, I hastened to the field, not doubting that I should find a Ruth, or a Lavinia, to fill the only corner that was now vacant of the brilliant picture before me. For a long time, however, creeping age, and infant hands, were the only objects which met my view, and I was about to leave the

field, disappointed that no 'form fresher than the morning rose' had met my view, when, turning to a remote corner, a being attracted my attention, whose loveliness would require the pen of Thomson to describe. It was a young female who had laid an infant, of which she was evident the youthful mother, upon the bundle of corn which she had just gathered, and left it under the protection of a faithful guardian, a large dog which still kept watch by its side. I conjecture that the infant had been asleep when first laid there, but it was now awake, and was tossing about its little hands and feet, and crowing with great glee, highly delighted with a flower that had accidentally caught in its little hand. The mother had, probably, come when the reaper left the field, to take her breakfast of bread and milk, which was in a basket near her, as well as to look after the safety of her child; and finding it so happy on its rural bed, she had allowed it to remain there, whilst she, with a mother's vanity, amused herself with ornamenting its little hat with some of the ears of corn that she had just gathered. I do not know that even Thomson would have described her as beautiful, though certainly, 'a native grace sat fair proportioned on her polished limbs,' and the sweet expression of maternal tenderness, which beamed from her

eye, and illumined her whole countenance, would have afforded ample scope to his descriptive powers. I stood riveted to the spot, and gazed on this interesting young creature and her child, both as lovely as poet's dream, or the flower that the traveller sees springing from the arid sand of the desert. I took my pencil and endeavoured to sketch the group, with the farm house and the village spire in the distance; not, however, for myself, for the picture rests on my mind in more vivid colours than ever were spread on painter's palette, but with the hope of giving you some faint idea of the loveliness that had so much seized my own fancy."

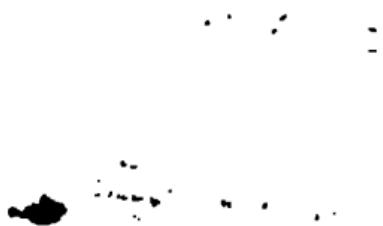
" Ah, papa," said Louisa, archly, " I see, though you are always so anxious to keep us from setting much value on personal beauty, that you admire it as much yourself as any body does."

" You must remember, however, Louisa," returned her father, " that what I have spoken of, is that most delightful species of beauty which is expressive of high moral qualities; and this depends not on regularity of feature, or perfection of form, but on that which is infinitely superior to both, good and amiable dispositions. Where the mind is pure, the thoughts elevated, and the sentiments liberal and kind, a pleasing expression will be found to pervade the most rugged set of

features that were ever bestowed upon a human being. Besides, this species of beauty is highly improvable, for as the mind becomes cultivated—as it takes a wider range among the works of nature, and a deeper interest in the happiness of its fellow beings, and the cultivation of its own powers, the expression of the face will become more refined and elevated. The chief beauty which struck me in the English gleaner, was that of expression, the expression of a kind and amiable heart, and the light of moral goodness illumined her countenance; and it is that species of beauty alone, my dear children, for which I am anxious to see you conspicuous."

"But, papa!" exclaimed both the sisters at once, as their father now rose from his seat, "you must not leave us so soon, we have not heard half enough about England yet."

"I have spent as much time with you as I can spare at present, but will take an early opportunity of indulging myself in retracing some more English scenes, many of which were as new though few more interesting than the Gleaner.





THE LITTLE ROTTAWAY.

Drawn & Engraved by A. C. Smith.

Published by L. A. Hyatt.

THE LITTLE RUNAWAY.

Down in the glade, where nibbling sheep
In verdant pasture stray,
A little boy was seen to keep
His weary-footed way.

A faithful dog, his fav'rite guard,
Protects the youth from harm,
A Robin dear his steps retard,
So playful on his arm :

Sweet little boy, of rosy smiles
In health and beauty drest,
A few fond friends, their dutious toils
Pursue, to find thy rest :

Thy infant head knows not the care,
That bears them anxious on ;
Through meadows wild, and sunny air,
To seek where thou art gone.

The vernal fields are daisied o'er,
With life the hawthorns teem ;
The busy bee with flow'ry store,
Hums in the sultry beam :

But thou—so active in thy play,
From parents absent far;—
Heed'st not the meddling cares of day,
Nor what *their* sorrows are.

'Tis thus, thought I, in childhood's morn
We think creation ours;
From sport to sport, our flight is borne,
Like butterflies on flow'rs:

But when parental cares come round
In manhood's riper years,
The loveliest pleasures most abound
When hope succeeds our fears.

J. W. S.

August 25th, 1830.

THE MYSTERIOUS PICTURE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

The following extraordinary story is declared by the authoress, Mademoiselle Vanhove, to be strictly true in its leading incidents.

MADAME DORIVAL was the widow of a distinguished French officer, who had died in the service of his country. Finding it difficult, without the closest economy, to support her family genteelly on the pension allowed her by government, and being anxious to secure an independence for her children in case of her death, she was induced to open a boarding-school in the vicinity of Paris. The assistance of her two highly accomplished daughters, Lucilla and Julia, made the employment of female teachers unnecessary; but she engaged the best masters for music, dancing, drawing and painting, and the fashionable foreign languages. Her establishment was conducted on a most liberal scale, and each of the twenty young ladies who became her pupils had a separate apartment.

Among these young ladies, was Josephine Vericour, who took lessons in miniature painting, with the view of exercising that branch of the art as a profession; the circumstances of her family being such that it was necessary to educate her, in the prospect of turning her talents to a profitable account.

Her imagination being deeply impressed with this object, she thought of it nearly all day, and dreamed of it at night. That she had much natural talent for drawing, was unquestionable; but she was only fifteen, she was not a prodigy, and in every thing she had as yet produced was to be found a due portion of errors and defects. With an ardent ambition to excel, Josephine was the victim of a painful and unconquerable timidity, and an entire want of confidence in herself. She had attempted likenesses of all her schoolmates, one after another, and was disheartened and discouraged because none of them were perfect, and was overwhelmed with mortification when she heard them criticised. The remarks of the gentleman who instructed her, though very judicious, were often so severe, that she was frequently almost tempted to throw away her pencil in despair, and she ~~never~~ painted worse than when under the eye of her master.

One morning in the garden, she was struck

with the graceful and picturesque attitude in which two of her companions had unconsciously thrown themselves. One of them, having put her arm round the waist of the other, was pointing out to her notice a beautiful butterfly that had just settled on a rose. Josephine begged of the girls to remain in that position while she sketched them on the blank leaf of a book. Afterwards she made a separate drawing of each of their faces, and then transferred the whole to a large sheet of ivory, intending to make a picture of it in the miniature style. But she determined to work at it in her own chamber, at leisure hours, and not to allow it to be seen till it was entirely finished. In six weeks there was to be a private examination, at which premiums were to be awarded to those who excelled in the different branches taught at Madame Dorival's school. Seven of the young ladies were taking lessons in miniature-painting, all of whom, in the eyes of the diffident Josephine, possessed far more talent than herself. Still, she knew that industry, application, and an ardent desire to succeed, had often effected wonders; and she was extremely anxious to gratify her parents by obtaining the prize, if possible.

In the retirement of her own room she painted with unremitting solicitude, but, as *she* thought,

with very indifferent success; and one afternoon, more dissatisfied than usual with the result of her work, she hastily took the ivory from her little easel, and put it into the drawer of her colour-box, which she consigned to its usual place in the drawer of her table.

Next morning, what was the surprise of Josephine, to find her picture standing against the easel on the table, and much farther advanced than when she had quitted it the preceding evening, and the faults which had then discouraged her, entirely rectified. She tried to recollect if she had really put away the picture and her memory recalled every circumstance of her shutting it up in the drawer. But she had no recollection of having previously corrected any of the errors; indeed, she knew that she had not, and the only way in which she could attempt to solve the mystery, was to suppose that someone, with the intention of exciting a laugh at her expense, had come into her room during the night, taken out the picture, and re-touched it.

She mentioned it to no one; but the next night, to guard against a recurrence of the same trick, she arranged every thing in the neatest order, locked up her picture in the secret drawer at the bottom of her colour-box, and placed it under her bolster.

But her astonishment was redoubled, when awaking at an early hour the next morning, she put her hand under the bolster to feel for her box and found it gone! She ran to the table, and saw there the colour-box lying beside the picture, which, as before, was leaning against the easel, and evidently much improved. She thought that it now began to look beautifully, and she could not withdraw her delighted eyes from contemplating it.

Still she felt persuaded that it was all a trick, for which she should pay dearly when an explanation took place. She was afraid to touch it again, lest her own inferior pencil should destroy some of its beauties; though at the same time she remarked a few trifling defects, which she had not been conscious of, when painting at it the day before. But rather than run the risk of spoiling the whole, she preferred leaving these little imperfections as they were. Sometimes she thought of showing it to her governess and to her master; but the time of the examination approached, and the temptation of keeping the secret was very great.

However, she could not resolve to paint at the picture that day ~~herself~~. Before she went to bed, she took the precaution of placing a chair against her door, which had the bolt on the

outside only, the young ladies not being permitted to fasten themselves up in their rooms.

She lay awake for a long time listening, but heard not the slightest sound, and after a while she fell into a profound sleep. When she awoke in the morning, the door was still closed, and the chair standing just as she had placed it; the picture was again on the table; some mysterious hand had again been engaged on it, and all the faults had disappeared, or been altered into beauties.

Josephine stood motionless with amazement. When her bewildered thoughts settled themselves into a distinct form, regret was her predominant feeling. "What shall I do?" said she to herself. "I fear this mystery, if I allow it to go on, will end in something very vexatious; and yet it may be only from motives of kindness that some unknown person steals into my room at night, and works at my picture with a skill far surpassing my own. Since I did not mention it at first, were I now to relate this strange story, I should lose my character for veracity, as no one, I am sure, would believe me."

She painted no more at the picture, but put it away as usual. That night she placed her washing-stand against the door, laying her soap on the edge, so that if moved, it would fall, and

having gone to bed very sleepy, she soon closed her eyes in her usual deep slumber. In the morning, the washing-stand was still against the door, the soap had not fallen, the picture was once more on the easel, and—it was finished!

At the breakfast-table she stole enquiring glances at the countenances of her school-mates, but none of them looked particularly at *her*, and none of them averted their eyes from her gaze. All seemed to think only of the examination.

When she returned to her room, she drest herself for the occasion, and wrapping her picture in her pocket-handkerchief, she joined her companions, who walked in procession to the principal school-room, according to their rank in the class. All the instructors were assembled. After being examined in several other branches, the drawings and miniature paintings were produced. When it came to the turn of Josephine, she blushed as she presented her beautiful picture.

Every one was astonished; it was so far superior to any thing she had done before, particularly the finishing. The young ladies from whom she had sketched the figures, being present, every one was struck with the fidelity of the likenesses, painted, as they were, chiefly from memory; and great praise was given, not *only to the grace of the attitudes, but to the easy*

and natural folds of the drapery, and the clearness and beauty of the colouring. There was also the novelty of two figures on the same ivory.

The superiority of this little picture was so manifest, that there was no hesitation in awarding the first prize, which was a small silver palette, to Josephine Vericour. But to the surprise of every one, Josephine showed no indication of joy at this signal triumph. She looked round on all her companions, seeking to discover the one who had painted the best part of her picture for her in the night while she slept. She fixed her eyes steadfastly on Julia, the youngest daughter of Madame Dorival, who possessed in a high degree the charming talent of miniature painting.

Josephine, who had heard Julia commending her picture, said to her, "Miss Julia, you may well admire your own work. I have not merited the prize, and I will not accept of praises which belong only to you, to your skill in miniature painting, and to the kindness of your heart."

Julia protested that this language was unintelligible to her, and begged Josephine to explain herself. She did so, and the enigma seemed still more incomprehensible. Julia positively denied ever having seen the picture before Josephine produced it at the examination. In vain did Josephine detail all the circumstances

of its mysterious progress. Her statement could not be reconciled to the rules of possibility, and they began to think that her mind was affected by intense application to her picture. The prize, however, was decreed to her, in spite of her reluctance to accept it; and when the examination was over, the young ladies got together in groups, and talked with much feeling of the symptoms of mental derangement which had manifested themselves in the unfortunate Josephine.

For a few weeks after the examination, Josephine allowed her paint-box to remain with those of her companions in one of the school-room closets, and painted only under the direction of her master, and during the time of her regular lessons; but though there were marks of daily improvement, the miniatures she now attempted were inferior to the mysterious picture.

Being anxious to try again how she could succeed in the solitude of her own apartment, she there commenced a miniature of herself, which, if successful, she intended as a present to her mother. By the assistance of the large looking-glass that hung over the table, she sketched the outline of her features with great correctness, and after she had put in the dead colouring, (as the first tints are called,) she put

away her work for that day, and went to Julia, whom she told of the new picture that she had just begun, and of her anxiety to know whether her nocturnal visiter would again assist her in completing it.

“ Dear Miss Julia,” said poor Josephine, “ let me entreat you to have compassion and tell me the whole truth. If you have any private reasons for not wishing it to be generally known, I solemnly promise to disclose it to no one. Tell me how you always contrived to enter my chamber in the night without disturbing my sleep, and how you have been able to paint so well by candle-light?”

“ Miss Vericour,” said Julia, “ you surprise me extremely by seeming to persist in the strange belief that I am the unknown person who painted in secret on your picture. This mystery must be solved; and if you find it so difficult to believe my word, you must assist me in discovering the truth. Place nothing to-night against your door; do not even latch it. Put away your painting apparatus as usual, and go to bed and to sleep if you can. I have thought of way of detecting the intruder, who, I suppose must of course be one of the young ladies. When she is discovered, she shall be reprimanded and made to give up her part in this strang

drama, so that your perplexity will be at an end."

Josephine acquiesced with joy, and minutely followed the directions of Julia. All the young ladies went to bed at nine o'clock, but on this night it was long after ten before Josephine could compose herself to sleep. When every one in the house had gone to bed and all was quiet, Julia Dorival placed a taper in a small dark lantern, and proceeded with it to the passage into which Josephine's chamber opened. There, seating herself on a chair outside of the door, she remained patiently watching for more than an hour. No one appeared; the clock struck twelve, and Julia began to grow tired. She was almost on the point of giving up the adventure, when her ear was attracted by a slight noise in Josephine's room.

Julia softly pushed open the door, and by the light of her lantern, she saw Josephine dress herself in her morning-gown, walk directly to her table, arrange her painting materials, select her colours, seat herself before the glass, and begin to paint at her own miniature. But what was most astonishing, she worked without any light, which Julia did not at first remark, having her own lantern beside her in the passage. She entered the chamber as softly as possible, and

rently, and as if they understood and heard; and it is possible to hold a very rational dialogue with a sleep-walker. But when awake, they have no recollection of any thing that has passed during the time of somnambulism.

Julia ventured to speak to Josephine in a low voice. "Well," said she, "my dear Josephine, you now know who it is that paints in the night at your pictures. You know that it is yourself. Do you hear me?"

"Yes." *

"Does my presence disturb you?"

"No, Miss Julia."

"But to-morrow, Josephine, you will not believe what I shall tell you."

"Then it will be because I do not remember it."

"Will you write on this piece of paper something that I wish to dictate you?"

"Most willingly."

Josephine then took up a lead pencil, and wrote these words as Julia prompted her:—

"Midnight.—Talking with Miss Julia Dorival, and painting at a miniature of myself."

JOSEPHINE VERICOUR."

Julia took the paper, and prepared to retire, cautioning the young artist not to fatigue herself by painting too long.

"Do not fear," replied Josephine, "I always return to bed as soon as I begin to feel weary!"

of Julia the result of her watching, was answered that she should know all to-morrow.

They were much affected at the idea that this young girl's earnest and praise-worthy desire to excel in the art which was to be her future profession, should have so wrought upon her mind, even in the hours of repose, as almost to achieve a miracle, and to enable her to prosecute her employment with more ardour, and even with more success, in darkness and in sleep, than in the light of day, and with all her faculties awake.

At midnight, the three ladies repaired with their lantern to the chamber door of Josephine. The sleep-walker was putting on her gown. They saw her seat herself at the table and begin to paint. They approached close behind her without the smallest noise, venturing to bring into the room their lantern; of its dim light, Josephine was entirely unconscious. They saw her mix her colours with great judgment, and lay on the touches of her pencil with the utmost delicacy and precision. Her eyes were open, but she saw not with them; though she frequently raised her head as if looking in the glass.

Somnambulists see nothing but the object on which their attention is decidedly fixed; yet their perceptions of this object are ascertained to be *much clearer* and more vivid than when awake. *If addressed, they will generally answer coher-*

rently, and as if they understood and heard; and it is possible to hold a very rational dialogue with a sleep-walker. But when awake, they have no recollection of any thing that has passed during the time of somnambulism.

Julia ventured to speak to Josephine in a low voice. "Well," said she, "my dear Josephine, you now know who it is that paints in the night at your pictures. You know that it is yourself. Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Does my presence disturb you?"

"No, Miss Julia."

"But to-morrow, Josephine, you will not believe what I shall tell you."

"Then it will be because I do not remember it."

"Will you write on this piece of paper something that I wish to dictate you?"

"Most willingly."

Josephine then took up a lead pencil, and wrote these words as Julia prompted her:—

"Midnight.—Talking with Miss Julia Dorival, and painting at a miniature of myself."

JOSEPHINE VERICOUR."

Julia took the paper, and prepared to retire, cautioning the young artist not to fatigue herself by painting too long.

"Do not fear," replied Josephine, "I always return to bed as soon as I begin to feel weary."

The three ladies left the room on tip-toe, as they had entered it, their minds wholly engrossed with admiration at the phenomenon they had just witnessed. Next morning, Julia had some trouble in convincing Josephine of the fact, but the certificate in her own writing was an undeniable evidence. As there is something strange and awful, and frequently dangerous, in the habit of somnambulism, no one wishes to possess it; and Josephine was anxious to get rid of it as soon as possible, even though it enabled her to paint better than when awake.

She would not trust her painting apparatus in her chamber at night, and she dismissed all thought of her miniature from her mind as soon as she went to bed; and was consequently enabled to rest there till morning as tranquilly as any of her school-mates, all of whom were much amazed when they heard the singular explanation of the Mysterious Picture.

This explanation once given, Madame Dorival prohibited its becoming a subject of conversation. Josephine made vigorous efforts to conquer her timidity in presence of her master, and in a short time she was able to paint as well under his inspection as she had done when alone and asleep in the gloom of midnight.

ELIZA LESLIE.

JEPHTHAH'S RASH VOW.

ELEVENTH CHAPTER JUDGES.

THE battle had ceas'd, and the victory was won,
The wild cry of horror was o'er.—
Now arose in his glory the bright beaming sun,
And with him, his journey the war-chief begun,
With a soul breathing vengeance no more.

The foes of his country lay strew'd on the plain—
A tear stole its course to his eye,
But the warrior disdain'd every semblance of pain,
He thought of his child, of his country again,
And suppress'd, while 'twas forming, a sigh.

“Oh, Father of light!” said the conquering chief,
“The vow which I made, I renew ;
’Twas thy powerful arm gave the welcome relief,
When I call'd on thy name in the fulness of grief,
And my hopes were but cheerless and few.

“An off'ring of love will I pay at thy fane,
An off'ring thou can'st not despise :
The first being I meet, when I welcome again
The land of my fathers, I left not in vain,
With the flames on thy altar shall rise.”

Vow hush'd were his words, thro' the far spreading bands,
Nought was heard but the foot-fall around—
Till his feet in glad tread press his own native lands,
And to heaven are lifted his conquering hands,
Not a voice breaks the silence profound.

Oh, listen! at distance, what harmonies sound,
And at distance, what maiden appears?
See, forward she comes with a light springing bound,
And casts her mild eye in fond ecstasy round,
For a parent is seen through her tears!

Her harp's wildest chord gives a strain of delight;
A moment—she springs to his arms!
My daughter, oh God!"—Not the horrors of fight,
While legion on legion against him unite,
Could bring to his soul such alarms.

In wild horror he starts, as a fiend had appear'd,
His eyes in mute agony close;
His sword o'er his age frosted forehead is rear'd,
Which with scars from his many fought battles is sear'd—
Nor country nor daughter he knows.

But sudden conviction in quick flashes told,
That that daughter was destin'd to die;
No longer could nature the hard struggle hold,
His grief issued forth unrestrain'd, uncontroll'd,
And wild was his time-sunken eye.

His daughter is kneeling, and clasping that form
She ne'er touch'd but with transport before;
His daughter is watching the thundering storm,
Whose quick flashing lightnings so madly deform
A face, beaming sunshine no more.

But how did that daughter, so gentle and fair,
 Hear the sentence that doom'd her to die ?
 For a moment was heard a wild cry of despair—
 For a moment her eye gave a heart moving glare—
 For a moment her bosom heav'd high.

It was but a moment—the frenzy was past,
 She trustingly rush'd to his arms,
 And there, as a flower when chill'd by the blast,
 Reclines on an oak while its fury may last,
 On his bosom she hush'd her alarms.

Not an eye saw the scene but was moistened in woe,
 Not a voice could a sentence command ;
 Down the soldier's rough cheek tears of agony flow,
 The sobs of the youthful rose mournful and low,
 Sad pity wept over the band.

But fled was the hope in the fair maiden's breast,
 From her father's fond bosom she rose ;
 Stern virtue appear'd in her manner confess,
 She look'd like a saint from the realms of the blest,
 Not a mortal encircled with woes.

She turn'd from the group, and can I declare
 The hope and the fortitude given,
 As she sunk on her knees with a soul breathing prayer,
 That her father might flourish of virtue the care,
 Till with glory he blossom'd in heaven ?

“ Oh, comfort him, heaven, when low in the dust
 My limbs are inactively laid !
 Oh, comfort him, heaven, and let him then trust,
 That free and immortal the souls of the just
 Are in beauty and glory array'd.”

The maiden arose, oh ! I cannot portray
 The devotion that glow'd in her eye ;
Religion's sweet self in its light seem'd to play,
 With the mildness of night, with the glory of day—
 But 'twas pity that prompted her sigh.

“ My father !”—the chief rais'd his agoniz'd head
 With a gesture of settled despair—
“ My father”—the words she would utter had fled,
But the sobs that she heav'd, and the tears that she shed,
 Told more than those words could declare.

That weakness past o'er, and the maiden could say,
 “ My father, for thee I can die.”
The bands slowly mov'd on their sorrowful way,
But never again from that heart-breaking day,
Was a smile known to force its enlivening ray
 On the old chieftain's grief-stricken eye.

C. G.

THE BANDITTI.

THE Baroness de C—— is a native of the island of Cuba, of French parentage, and married to a German emigrant. Her husband's coffee estate is situated near the bay of Cadenas, on the north coast of the island. All the world knows that the bay of Cadenas has been a famous, or rather infamous resort for pirates, and, indeed, bids fair to be so again, unless the government of the United States shall devise some effectual means of protecting our West Indian commerce.

The Baron de C—— was absent from his estate at the time of our narrative, having gone to Havana on business; and left his lady, rather incautiously, considering the times, under no other protection than that of a faithful mulatto servant, who was also entrusted with the care of the slaves and property. It is seldom that an estate, in that vicinity, is left without two or three white men, well armed, out of regard not less to the incursions of banditti, than to dis-

turbances among the negroes. It so happened, however, on the present occasion, that the Baron was obliged to leave his estate and his family in a comparatively defenceless state.

He had been absent but two days, when the Baroness was awakened in the middle of the night, by loud and repeated blows against the front door, as of some one attempting to break into the house. Presently she heard the mulatto servant demanding from within, "Who was there?" which was answered by several loud voices, ordering him instantly to open the door. Before he had time, however, to consider what was to be done in such an emergency, the door was burst open, a number of armed men rushed in, and seizing him, ordered him not to make the slightest resistance on peril of his life.

The noise and bustle of these proceedings were heard with appalling distinctness by the Baroness, whose bed-room opened into the hall where the banditti were. She knew that she might easily escape herself by a back passage, and by secreting herself among the coffee trees, might avoid the insults of these ruffians, till morning, when they would, of course, be gone. But she could not do this without leaving her young children, four in number, to their mercy. This conflict between *fear and maternal affection* was not long. She

resolved to face the danger. She had risen and dressed herself at the first alarm, and after taking her sleeping children from their little cot-beds, placing them all in her own bed, she drew the mosquito curtain close around them, and silently recommending herself to the care of Providence, and collecting the resources of her own energetic mind, she issued from her chamber, and entered upon a scene which few men could have summoned resolution enough to encounter.

On coming to the estate, the first step of the robbers, who were eleven in number, had been to secure the slaves who slept in small thatched cottages at some distance from the master's dwelling. They had then proceeded to the house, and after forcing an entrance, had bound the mulatto, the only man-servant who slept in the house, and had commenced the work of plunder by a simultaneous attack on the side-board, which was furnished with a handsome display of plate and cut-glass. The spirits, liquors, and cordials were safely disposed of by one set; while another, less sensual than avaricious, were secreting silver fruit baskets, tumblers, and spoons, in the folds of their Montero jackets.

In the midst of this havoc, the door of the *Baroness's* apartment opened, and she stood

before them with an air rather of astonishment than fear.

Several of the fierce looking ruffians approached her at once, all exclaiming, "The keys! the keys! Señora, where has your husband secreted his treasure?" These men were all armed. Some wore pistols in their belts; others carried blunderbusses, and each had a sword by his side, and a dagger in his bosom. Their countenances were swarthy and dark, their eyes flashed with malignant passion, their voices were harsh, and their gestures threatening, as they approached the defenceless but undaunted woman.

"Gentlemen," said she, in a soft but steady voice, "gentlemen, you are wrong in supposing that my husband has treasure concealed in the house."

"We know he has!" exclaimed one of the villains, "and you must show us where it is, or die;" accompanying this courteous address with a threatening movement of his sword.

One of their number, who stood nearest the Baroness, on hearing this speech, cast a look at the wretch who had uttered it, which caused him to draw back his sword, and skulk out of sight. Another fellow drew a pistol from his girdle, and pointing it towards the lady, demanded the keys, and several others were drawing their

swords, and preparing to enforce the demand, when the same man who had interposed his authority a moment before, called out in a voice of thunder, "Silence, ruffians! Do you not see that it is a lady? Do ye forget that ye are men?" Saying this, he extended his sword horizontally between the Baroness and her persecutors, and pushed them back en masse.

"Señora," he proceeded, turning to the lady, "we are not common banditti, although the conduct of some here might lead you to suppose so; nor is it a small temptation that has brought us hither. We have obtained certain information that your husband has lately received a large sum of money. We have good reason to suppose that it is concealed in the house, and, though I regret that the misfortune should fall on such a noble and beautiful lady as yourself, you must deliver it to us."

"I know of no money in the house," replied the Baroness. "If my husband has received any, he has not informed me where it is."

"You will then allow us to search for it ourselves," replied the robber. "Be kind enough, Señora, to hand us the keys of your husband's closets and desks."

The Baroness had no alternative but to deliver up the keys. She went into her room, and,

instantly returning, gave them into the hands of the robber who had demanded them, and while the search commenced, she retired to her room. There she could overhear the villains as they prosecuted the work of pillage and destruction. When there was any difficulty of unlocking a door or desk, it was burst open, and their oaths and curses at each fresh disappointment they met with in their search for treasure, were loud and threatening.

After an hour of dreadful suspense, the Baroness heard a party of them return from the chambers into the hall adjoining her room, and with horrid imprecations, declaring that they would destroy every article of furniture, and even murder every creature in the house, if the money were not forthcoming; and at the same moment, the crash of a chandelier, which hung in the hall, and the cries and entreaties for mercy from the poor mulatto, gave assurance of their determination to execute the threat.

The next moment, the Baroness heard the man, who had protected her before, remonstrating with his comrades, and endeavouring to convince them that they might be mistaken about the money. "That man," thought she, "can save me, and he shall."

She ordered one of the female attendants, who

stood trembling around her, to call him into the room. When he appeared, the Baroness addressed him in a firm and steady manner.

“Señor,” said she, “I observe that you have some authority with these men, and I am much mistaken if you are not their leader. I have told you the truth about the money you are in search of. I am very certain that there is none in the house. My husband is in Havana. I know that if he had left money here, he would have informed me where he had deposited it. Your companions are misinformed, and they are unreasonable in their demands and threats. I must claim your protection, Señor. Here I am a defenceless woman, and here,” said she, raising the curtain, and pointing to the bed where they lay, “here are my children. We have no protector but you. Take all you can find in the house, but as you are a man, save me from insult, and my children from injury.”

The robber cast one glance at the anxious countenance of the mother, and another at the unconscious group of children. They were all asleep. The youngest had thrown his dimpled arm round his brother’s neck, who was smiling in his innocent dreams, as the stern bandit gazed upon them.

“Señora,” said he, “you and your children

are safe. Not a hair of your heads shall be hurt. Stay in this room, and if one of my companions dare approach it, he dies."

So saying, he left the apartment. The Baroness was not disturbed in her asylum, but the house was thoroughly pillaged, and it was day-light ere she heard them leaving the hall. She then issued from her apartment to witness a scene of utter desolation. Her bureau was broken open, and her jewels were stolen. The fragments of the broken chandelier were scattered over the floor, the side-board was covered with broken decanters and tumblers, its drawers were pulled out; table linen, knives and forks were tumbled about, and every article of plate was gone.

The last circumstance furnished occasion for the display of a new trait of her unconquerable spirit. Hearing the robbers mounting their horses at the door, she ran out and called to them.

"Cavalleros! Have you no more gallantry than this? Will you take all my jewels, and every article of my plate? Will you leave a lady without so much as a spoon or an ear-ring?"

It will hardly be believed, but it is a literal fact, that the leader dismounted, and restored *her* a couple of silver spoons, and some jewels of

trifling value; at the same time, taking the opportunity to exact from her a solemn promise that she would not give the alarm, nor cause them to be pursued for twenty-four hours.

This promise she faithfully observed, and when at the expiration of the stipulated time, they were pursued, they were traced to the sea shore by scattered articles of plunder. The most careful search, however, never discovered who were the perpetrators of this singular outrage.

THE END.

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